Soviet Intellectual Ferment

May 30, 1968 35¢

ON THE BARRICADES OF PARIS

THE REPORTER

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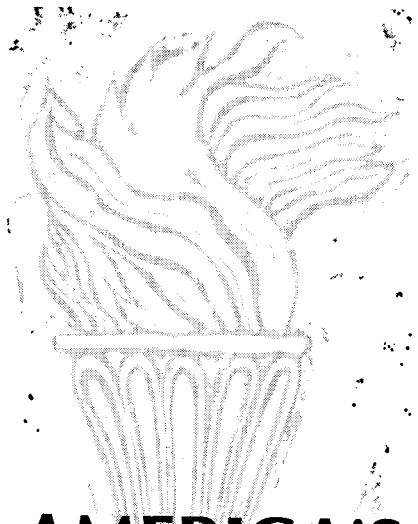

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THROUGHOUT the Soviet bloc today we are witnessing bold manifestations of independence—both national and individual—against the dreary and stultifying controls of Communism, even though the rebels may be Communists themselves, as in Czechoslovakia. In the Soviet Union, where the risks of protest are greatest, there has developed a curious breed of "official rebels" richly rewarded for gulling the outside world into belief in Soviet freedoms. Perhaps the most successful in this role has been Yevgeny Yevtushenko. **Leopold Tyrmand** analyzes and documents the Yevtushenko case, drawing upon his own background as a novelist in Communist Poland. Mr. Tyrmand has recently taken up permanent residence in the United States. . . . Russia does have a true intellectual resistance on its hands in the Ukraine. With great courage Ukrainian writers are stirring the embers of nationalism and even daring to denounce Russian persecution and to call for secession. **Tibor Szamuely** is a lecturer in politics at the University of Reading, England.

THE VANGUARD of revolution around the world seems to have passed from the workers to the students. In Paris, to be sure, there have been joint student-worker demonstrations, among other phenomena of a Latin Quarter upheaval that caught the French government unprepared. What disturbed **Edmond Taylor** the most was the "moral and political neutralism" he observed among the Parisians. . . . **James K. Batten,** who is in the Washington bureau of the Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer*, reminds us that poverty is not just for Negroes. His report from a North Carolina county, however, reveals a strong reluctance of poor whites to get involved in poverty programs they need but regard as mainly for Negroes. . . . The Reverend Albert B. Cleage has become the spokesman for a growing number of Detroit Negroes, but he is hard pressed to be ahead of his more militant followers. According to **William Serrin,** a reporter for the Detroit *Free Press* who shared in that newspaper's Pulitzer Prize for coverage of the 1967 riot and its aftermath, Cleage's message is that through separatism black people will gain control of their own communities—and true power. . . . This month former President Galo Plaza Lasso of Ecuador was inducted as Secretary-General of the Organization of American States. **George W. Grayson, Jr.,** an assistant professor in the Department of Economics and Political Science at the Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, describes how and why the OAS is weak. . . . **Fernando Krahn**'s easel goes pop.

Sol Biderman has spent almost four years in Brazil and Portugal, studying Luso-Brazilian affairs. He is at the University of São Paulo completing a doctoral dissertation on messianic folk literature in Brazil. . . . **Gerald Weales** is a past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism, and the author of a number of books on drama, the next to be published by Macmillan. . . . **Harold Witt** has published a number of verse collections, including *Death of Venus* (Golden Quill). . . . **Sarel Eimerl,** a regular contributor, is the author of *The Primates*, published by Time, Inc., Books. . . . **David Littlejohn** teaches at the University of California. He is the author of *Black on White* (Grossman) and the editor of *Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters* (Prentice-Hall, hardcover and paperback). . . . **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** does free-lance editing and consulting. . . . **James Cole** is on the faculty of the University of Wyoming. This poem will be included in a book he is organizing, *The Wednesday Organist.*

Our cover is by our regular cartoonist, **Fernando Krahn.** It represents his first work in color.

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TO OUR READERS

***The Reporter* is ceasing publication after nineteen years with the next issue. Many of you have already learned this news through the press. All subscribers will soon receive a letter explaining that they will be receiving *Harper's* magazine in lieu of *The Reporter*, starting with the July issue of *Harper's*.**

The reader response has been extraordinary. We devote these pages of correspondence and the ones in our final issue to reprinting a few of the heart-warming letters we have received. Max Ascoli will reply to them in his last editorial.

To the Editor: It was with shock and disbelief that I read of the impending death of a close friend. *The Reporter*, and the many extraordinary reporters who have graced its pages, will be sorely missed. The need for such a magazine is, if anything, greater now than when you founded the magazine nearly twenty years ago.

Many of my liberal friends have wondered how *The Reporter* can take such a liberal stand on domestic issues and at the same time such a firm stand on the war in Vietnam. What these people fail to grasp is that you have stood consistently on the side of freedom for *all* mankind from tyranny in whatever form it should appear—be it Communism, facism, or racism—and for freedom of the individual from the abuse of power—whether wielded by a red-necked sheriff, a corrupt politician, a union boss, or an ambitious U.S. Senator.

Thank you for your courage and your inspiration, but most of all for your penetrating insight into the kind of liberalism it takes to keep a free society free. You have served your adopted country well. Like any good teacher you will never know where your influence stops, but I want you to know that I for one will never forget.

JAY W. SCHMIEDESKAMP
Ann Arbor, Michigan

To the Editor: I was deeply distressed to learn of the decision, a very difficult one, to abandon the publication of *The Reporter*.

The Reporter will be greatly missed. It has long set an extremely high standard for thoughtful and out-of-the-ordinary analysis of difficult problems, always presented vividly and effectively. It has never been commonplace, and the roster of its contributors is a tribute to your own high level of perception and taste.

PHILIP E. MOSELY
Columbia University
New York

To the Editor: The death of an intelligent and consistent friend is a matter for sorrow. This is especially true of *The Reporter;* since I came of age intellectually, I have read it faithfully and been astonished and delighted at issue after issue. It never sold out, never gave unreasoned obeisance to a party line, remained always intelligent and reasoned, always useful. I salute this spirit and I mourn its passing.

CURTIS K. STADTFELD
Director of Information Services
Eastern Michigan University
Ypsilanti

To the Editor: Having just read *The Reporter's* obituary, I feel moved to write my first letter to the editor. While change is one of the few things certain in this world, I cannot help but lament the passing of one of the very few thoughtful and rational sifters of the world's events. You will be missed.

LIEUTENANT M. J. HERBERT, U.S.N.
San Clemente, California

To the Editor: We shall have to retrace our steps, I am sure, and re-create a *Reporter* or its equivalent in the not too distant future. Please accept my personal thanks and respects for the unique contribution which you have made in the field of American journalism, public reporting, and letters.

ALBERT LEPAWSKY
Professor of Political Science
University of California
Berkeley

To the Editor: Your editorial in defense of your views has given us some insight of pressures exerted upon you to change the course of your biweekly, and we have admired your integrity and courage. I am frustrated at the total helplessness and anonymity of those on "our side." While the fringe groups are putting all their efforts into winning people to their point of view, using every slogan, emotion, and half-truth available, we are nothing but a gray, faceless, and voiceless mass, without representation or leadership.

MRS. ELLA JACIN
Norwalk, Connecticut

To the Editor: No one who has enjoyed the privileges of a byline in *The Reporter* or grown lean on its sensible liberalism or dreamed of its growth and expansion can be cheerful this day.

I do hope that you will accept this note of thanks and congratulations for a task well done and of warmest wishes for your writings in the years ahead.

MAX FRANKEL
The New York *Times*
Washington Bureau

To the Editor: It is with great sadness that I read of the demise of your fine

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publication. As a young man interested in journalism, particularly news magazines, I must face the prospect of seeing one of the few objective publications going to an early grave.

With the end of *The Reporter* comes an end to one of the best sources of impartial news reporting. While we must now face the complex problems of the world without your publication, we can be grateful that you served us so well for many years.

JAMES E. FUNK, JR.
Toledo, Ohio

To the Editor: My fifteen years of reading your remarkable magazine were capped by my witnessing, in the middle of a miasma of emotional and irrelevant influences, your lonely discernment of the titanic struggle for survival of western civilization. I wish you and your staff the best. We owe much to your fortitude.

WARREN W. WYNEKEN
Fort Wayne, Indiana

To the Editor: I more than regret the end of *The Reporter;* to me it seems that with it highly intelligent, thorough, and remarkably uncluttered journalism disappears for the publishing scene and more still from subscribers' reading material. What will happen to your imaginative and talented writers and editors, and the artists who created the covers in such vivid designs and colors that almost always, in my eyes, looked like pieces of art?

MELINE BOLDERDIJK
International Division
Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis
New York

To the Editor: Your magazine ranks far ahead of any other news journal that I have ever seen. The calm, clear, well-researched articles have an air of intellectual honesty and authenticity that simply are not matched elsewhere.

For me, the loss is more personal. Yours was the first magazine we subscribed to. Ever since then you have been a trusted and admired friend—quoted freely and studied carefully.

NANCY M. CAMPBELL
Minneapolis

To the Editor: The demise of *The Reporter* is a disaster. As a onetime reporter and later as editor of an academic quarterly for fifteen years (the *Antioch Review*), I always looked on *The Reporter's* "experiment in adult journalism" as something not only different but of prime importance.

PAUL BIXLER
Yellow Springs, Ohio

To the Editor: Please know that you have very many supporters and that we will miss *The Reporter* and the lofty spirit and ideals which have characterized it.

JOHN H. ESTERLINE
Washington, D. C.

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On Robert F. Kennedy

Sometimes it is difficult to get rid of the feeling that what we are looking at and listening to is not an advanced model of a manlike Univac. It is not yet perfect, but later models will talk in a less metallic voice and the gestures will bear less resemblence to the jerky motions of an old movie. Yet one's feelings can be misleading, particularly when untempered by sympathy. The trouble with Robert F. Kennedy is that he would like to be the embodiment of so many things: New Left, youth, hope, and the like, and this makes it very difficult to find out who he is and what makes him tick.

He has not been sparing with his programs. "The American people want a change," he said, ". . . a change in the national spirit. Too much and for too long, we have confused our achievements with our wealth, and measured our greatness with the statistics of the Gross National Product. But the Gross National Product counts air pollution, and cigarette advertising, and ambulances to clear our highways of carnage. It counts special locks for our doors, and jails for the people who break them. It counts Whitman's rifle and Speck's knife, and television programs that glorify violence the better to sell goods to our children."

This Kennedy exhibits an obsessive hatred of wealth. The increased taxes which the Johnson administration has been asking of Congress should have been obtained long ago, but not accompanied by the promise of reduced national expenditures. Of course, the war in Vietnam should be ended as soon as possible. He never said how but, as he told a press conference: "I think Vietnam eventually is going to disappear in any case, but we're still going to have the undeveloped nations of the world. We're going to have the population of Latin America, which is going to double over the period of the next several decades. We're going to have the fact that such tremendous poverty of seven out of ten children will die before the age of one. . . . The whole continent of Africa: what direction is it going to move in."

How are all these wonderful things to be done, at home and abroad? He has a magic answer: youth. In the postscript for *To Seek A Newer World* he wrote: "A young monk began the Protestant Reformation, a young general extended an empire from Macedonia to the borders of the earth, and a young woman reclaimed the territory of France. It was a young Italian explorer who discovered the New World, and the thirty-two-year-old Thomas Jefferson who proclaimed that all are created equal. 'Give me a place to stand,' said Archimedes [age unspecified] 'and I will move the world.' These men moved the world, and so can we all."

Enough of these ramblings; still, no answer has been given to the question, Who is he? As we all know, he wants to be President of the United States. But differently from the other candidates, he has a reason of his own for being elected which, as far as his family and his acolytes are concerned, entitles him to a more than usual amount of campaign oratory. The election is due him, not because of what he is saying in the campaign or because of what he has done in the past: destiny wills it. It is, of course, a homemade destiny.

In his past he has done a number of things, none of which entitles him to any position of distinction. For six months he worked faithfully for a family friend, the late Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin. To find a first evidence of his interest in the racial issue, one must go back to the time when he was his brother's Attorney General: only in the fall of 1962 did the case of James Meredith at the University of Mississippi and the criticism of the Civil Rights Commission make the Kennedys decide to take some action for the Negroes. One must not forget in this context that Hubert Humphrey fought so hard for civil rights in the Democratic platform back in 1948 that the Dixiecrat party decided to run its own Presidential ticket. But Hubert Humphrey has his credit based on a long line of service to the nation, not on destiny.

This harassed young man, Robert Kennedy, has so far only one attainment: he is a Kennedy, and at this time the one in line of succession. For his family's power, he has given all a man can give, and more. Even youth has escaped him, as his wrinkled, adolescent face shows. Long or short, his hair is getting gray. More than anyone else, his was the decisive influence in his brother's Congressional and then Presidential campaigns. No one's judgment carried more weight with President Kennedy.

Then the tragedy came—a horrid one that had no catharsis. Robert Kennedy again worked harder than anyone else to make the image of his brother radiant for all time, protected from the erosion of history. Yet a catharsis, his own election, must come. If it fails there can be no dynasty, and no empire.

It may well happen. He may win. Whoever said that America could not be unmade?

—Max Ascoli

Dream or Nightmare

Malcolm Wilson is a personality unknown except to conscientious and civic-minded New Yorkers. Yet his name is invoked often these days by a very famous New Yorker, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller. A Catholic conservative from Yonkers, Wilson has been lieutenant governor of the Empire State for the past ten years. He is now filling the role of surro-

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gate for Governor Ronald Reagan of California and a symbol of Rockefeller's readiness to concede a role for conservatives in Republican affairs.

Two days after Rockefeller ended the second period of suspense about his Presidential plans, he flew to Iowa and met in Des Moines with most of the state's delegates to the Miami Beach convention. A delegate said afterwards that "Rockefeller spoke very highly of Reagan and said there's a need for a conservative voice in the party. He said that his lieutenant governor in New York is very conservative and they get along beautifully."

Later in the day at the University of Iowa, the New York governor listed qualifications for a running mate. First, he listed "one who could contribute strength to the ticket." Then, secondarily, "one who could take over as President should anything happen to me." At an Albany press conference announcing his candidacy, Rockefeller admitted he had talked to Reagan and said that the latter had "wished me the best of luck."

The remark was apparently not facetious. Rockefeller and Reagan, according to those who know them, really do get along. They share at least an antipathy toward the third man in the Republican picture, Richard M. Nixon. Rockefeller's disagreements with Nixon are more public than Reagan's, but nonetheless Californians have seldom heard kind words from their governor about Nixon or harsh words lately about Rockefeller.

The tenants of the "dream ticket" in wistful G.O.P. reveries have both been drifting toward the party's "mainstream" which Rockefeller popularized in 1964. Reagan's budget has disappointed Goldwaterites in California because of its size and concession to social concern. Rockefeller, meanwhile, has admitted that his Medicaid program was too ambitious for New York and has acquiesced in its budgetary cutback.

Both men are of the opinion that Nixon's support is a mile wide and an inch deep. Both have reasons to encourage the fluidity of delegate commitment, particularly among delegations led by favorite sons. Both men will have much to talk about

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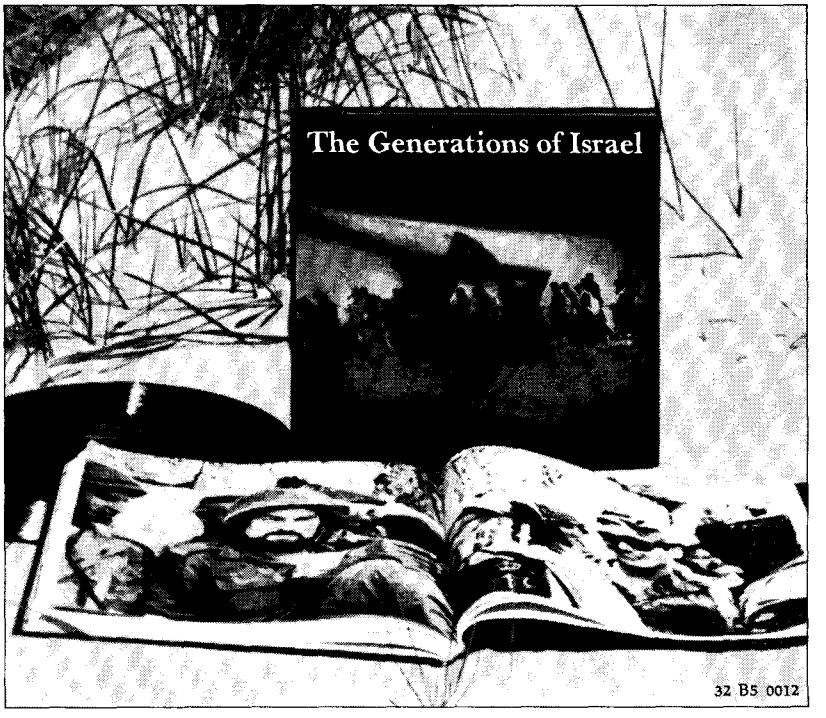

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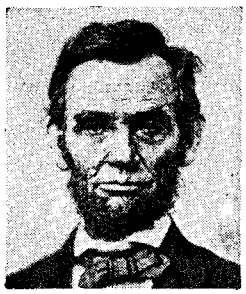

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when they and other Republican governors meet at Tulsa in mid-June.

Reagan is reportedly tired of life in Sacramento, finding his tasks more arduous than he had anticipated. For consolation, he can hark back to Rockefeller's description of the Vice Presidency: "It's a ceremonial office that really doesn't mean much."

Divorce, Nigerian Style

The Ibo are the most "western" of Nigeria's tribes, perhaps of all West African tribes. Before the massacres that drove them back into their southeastern corner, which they proclaimed the independent state of Biafra last May 30, they were the teachers, the technicians, the scientists and mechanics, the secretaries and managers of Nigeria's then rapidly developing economy. Nigeria needs them, but it cannot win them back by conquest, and every day that the attempt continues only deepens their conviction that they are marked for slaughter.

The Nigerian government of General Gowon, with British and Soviet military support and U.S. moral support, is probably capable of achieving an eventual military victory over the isolated rebel forces commanded by Colonel Ojukwu. More than half the territory originally claimed by Biafra has now been recaptured by Federal troops, and the trend is certain to continue unless Biafra finds sudden and unexpected external support. But the collapse of the Biafran army and the military occupation of Biafra's towns and cities would only shift the battle to another phase, in which every advantage would lie with the rebels. The Ibo are fighting for their lives and on their own ground. The people in the villages are their people. They can melt into the bush whenever troops appear in superior force, and pop out again to harass them on their way. Whatever happens to Biafra as an organized national state, there is as little chance of Lagos establishing effective government over the Ibo as there is that the Vietcong would willingly submit to the present Saigon government, and for the same reasons: they don't have to, and they think they know what would happen if they did.

It is difficult to see on what

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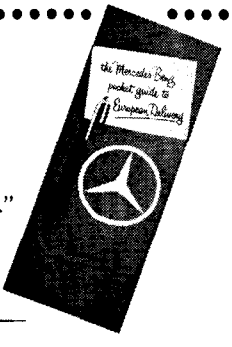

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grounds the United States bases its unyielding opposition to Biafran independence. Colonel Ojukwu's government has as much claim to legitimacy as does our own, while General Gowon's is the result of a coup upon a coup. There is no hint of Communist influence in Biafra, nor does it, like Katanga, raise the specter of latent colonialism. It appears that we have simply, once more, committed ourselves so firmly to a government that we must support it even when its policies promise to bring its nation down in ruins.

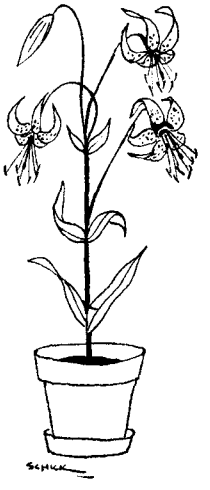
Nigeria is like a husband effecting a reconciliation with his estranged wife by beating her into submission. He may get her back under his roof, but he should not expect her affection and loyalty, and he runs the risk that she will poison his soup. If any basis exists for a successful union, a trial separation would seem to offer the best hope for its eventual achievement.

Custard's Last Stand

Our readers may have been too caught up with news out of Paris and events at Columbia University to have noticed that England is also having its problems:

"ROCHDALE, England (Reuters)—Nearly 160 children rioted at a school here today because of a delay in serving the lunch dessert—ginger pudding and custard. Two police patrol cars rushed to the school after pupils five to fifteen years old had hurled food at three women serving them in a canteen and smashed crockery."

Things are tough all over.



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The Yevtushenko Case: The 'Blue Fox' Is Tamed

LEOPOLD TYRMAND

On April 16 an item in the New York *Times* announced that "Yevgeny Yevtushenko has been visiting friends on his way back to the Soviet Union from a vacation in Mexico." There followed the information that the Russian poet planned no public appearances during his stopover. Such a report concerning a western writer would excite little interest; since it had to do with a Soviet writer, however, a few questions arise.

There are approximately three thousand members of the Union of Soviet Writers; the only one who regularly gets a passport and travels alone is Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Travel for the Soviet citizen is not just a matter of a passport; it is also a matter of money. Transactions in hard currency are the exclusive province of the state, and anyone who acquires foreign currency privately is liable to a fine and imprisonment. Yevtushenko has benefited from privileged treatment by the state passport and currency authorities. Why? Because he is the "official" rebel whose fame as an opponent of Stalinism at home has enabled him to act as a defender of Soviet Communism abroad. But then, why did the irrepressible poet, who has had such resounding success in the past with western audiences, choose to edge in and out of New York so unobtrusively? Because the "vacation" in Mexico, actually an organized series of appearances and poetry readings, had been a disaster.

Poetry and Politics

Writing in the newspaper *Novedades* of Mexico City on March 9, Guillermo Ochoa described Yevtushenko's arrival the previous midnight: "Eugenio Yevtushenko, the most official of the anti-official Russian poets, arrived . . . with a zipper on his lips and a terrible attack of the liver."

Apparently as a result of this criticism and others about his refusal to answer questions, Yevtushenko immediately held a press conference at which he commented on an open letter addressed to him by Mexican intellectuals and artists. The signatories had asked that Yevtushenko, upon his return to Russia, make known the revulsion that Mexicans feel over the jailing of Soviet writers. Yevtushenko derided their claim that absolute freedom exists in Mexico as an "empty demagogic statement." He went on to say that "It is a crime to be free. . . . Nobody can be free when there is suffering in Vietnam. I do not say this because the Kremlin has told me to. It is what I think. I ask how a man can speak of absolute freedom if people are dying in Vietnam, if people are suffering in India. . . . The writers mentioned [Andrei Sinyavsky, Yuli Daniel, and others] published books abroad under pseudonyms in anti-Soviet publishing houses without first having tried to publish in Russia. . . . I spoke out against the attitude of those writers and also against their being placed on trial." Yevtushenko also accused other imprisoned writers of being involved in terrorism and illegal foreign-exchange deals and announced that the political prisons of Siberia are empty, implying that there are now no political prisoners in Russia.

This was just the beginning. On April 12 *Novedades* published an open letter to Yevtushenko from a wide variety of student groups and officials of the University of Mexico. The letter was not only an indictment of the Soviet Union's treatment of its intellectuals; it was above all an indictment of Yevtushenko himself. "In Colombia you refused to answer questions concerning the persecution of writers, poets, intellectuals, and artists in the Soviet Union, giving as your reason that you were 'a poet and not a politician,'" the letter stated. "What, poet Yevtushenko, do you understand by the word 'political' and what obliges us to accept your affirmation that you are a poet and not a politician? . . . You are not fit to present an objective picture of the problems that engross the youths and the intellectuals in Russia. You are not prepared to speak with the youth of Mexico or to answer their questions. . . . You have demonstrated an astonishing inclination to enjoy luxury and the good life. . . . You emphasize your love of the poor . . . as well as your willingness to sacrifice your life if necessary to speak the truth and to prevent war and bloodshed. We have reviewed your autobiography and all your other writings published here in the western world and we have found nothing in your background or activity that indicates any sacrifice or any connection whatever with the physical struggle for liberty, or any serious effort on your part . . . to write and speak the truth."

It was in Mexico that the Blue Fox, as Yevtushenko styled himself in a recent poem, was run to ground. But the reading that Yevtushenko has made no sacrifices is inaccurate: he has made many.

Anna Akhmatova, the great Russian poet, said just before her death in 1966: "The adamantly liberal and independent writers have been removed from the Union of Soviet Writers." This was equal to civil death. However, there were

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writers who "liberalized officially," that is, according to the directives of the party. These writers were called "ehrenburgs," after Ilya Ehrenburg, who was to the post-revolutionary period what Yevtushenko has been to the post-Stalin era.

Ehrenburg wrote grumbling and even mildly anti-revolutionary works. In the 1920's he traveled to Paris, where he became a shining light among the denizens of Montparnasse. For the next thirty years he was a vassal and apologist for Stalin, explaining away every crime and every lie, all the while enjoying a unique freedom of life and creativity. From the outside his criticism of socialist realism seemed to be nonconformism, and to the West Ehrenburg represented living proof of Stalinist "tolerance" and "freedom of speech" earned by talent and individualism. After Stalin's death, Ehrenburg changed his front. He declared himself the victim of terror, a raped innocent, recalled that he was a Jew, and wrote a novel entitled *The Thaw* in which he whitewashed himself and other collaborators.

At the time of Stalin's death, Yevtushenko was nineteen years old. News of this young and violently anti-Stalinist poet appeared only after Khrushchev inaugurated the official anti-Stalinist line in ideology and politics. Yevtushenko's statements against the specter of Stalinism are well known, but they did not constitute a revelation or an act of spiritual independence: journalism and literature were then full of the most aggressive condemnations of the past period of "errors and distortions," most of which appeared on orders from the top. But Yevtushenko never tried to bare the roots of the evil, as did Boris Pasternak, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, and Vladimir Dudintsev.

Nor did Yevtushenko's writing show signs of protest against Khrushchevian totalitarianism. During the intervention in Hungary, typewritten poems branding Khrushchev's crimes were circulated in Moscow and Leningrad, but Yevtushenko's name was somehow never connected with these works. Khrushchev treated the poet like a slightly unruly nephew: he chastised him publicly but never really harmed him. Yevtushenko, for his part, treated Khrushchev familiarly, permitted himself a few jokes, but never attacked his leader or protested against his primitive gagging of literature. He made petty insinuations in a bold declamatory style during public appearances and created his own mythology as a protester.

The Unexceptionable Rebel

Yevtushenko owes his fame as a nonconformist chiefly to his pro-Jewish stand, which seemed to be in contrast with the semi-official anti-Semitism of the Khrushchev era. His poem "Babi Yar" is a manifesto against Nazi atrocities. We can believe in the sincerity of the poet's intentions and indignation, but it should be added that convictions thus proclaimed did not risk any serious difficulties with the régime.

Stalin hated the European intellectual Left but allowed Ehrenburg to flirt with it; tactical cunning overruled his principles and feelings. During the absolute rule of socialist-realistic daubings and gaudiness in art, Ehrenburg was granted a dispensation to praise Picasso. Such departures from official doctrine created furores among fellow travelers in the West. Yevtushenko is publicly ecstatic over rock 'n' roll. But only *his* praises are permitted to appear in the press, while he stands poised with a ready-made explanation of the phenomenon, an explanation fully in agreement with the postulates of the Politburo. He presents the big beat as fascinating by its degenerative charms and, at the same time, as the music of western youth, frustrated and embittered by capitalism.

Yevtushenko is tall, handsome, and loud. He fashions himself into a Slavic "mod" and stresses his weakness for alcohol and the exuberance of his sex life, never shying away from clowning and exhibitionism. Thus he is eminently adapted to modern mass-culture media and prefers America to Ehrenburg's beloved France. Yevtushenko is adored in the West by leftist beatniks and the "underground poets," to whom he seems the reincarnation of spiritual independence, as well as by those western writers whom Yevtushenko has generously entertained in Moscow.

Like Ehrenburg, Yevtushenko is a constant guest at cocktail parties in the western embassies in Moscow. It is widely known that Soviet writers are always "represented" there by a well-selected and KGB-cleared group from the Writers' Union executive. Yevtushenko has been chosen to "represent" the individualists and the "independents."

Yevtushenko serves chiefly to show himself and his Soviet existence to the outside world. But the Politburo also needs him for more difficult tasks. In the growing complexity of ideological and social life after the fall of the black-white Stalin design, the dialectic value of Yevtushenko became especially great. Yevtushenko simply had a concession for appearing in public and for proclaiming his separateness. He had no difficulty publishing his poems. In the Soviet Union, publication of one's work—an unattainable goal for many Russian writers—indicates a vote of confidence on the part of the authorities. In Yevtushenko's case, the party was sure of him and knew he would not stick his neck out beyond the bounds of his licensed nonconformity. Thus the party "concedes" to the demands of the people. "You want young rebels?" Brezhnev and Kosygin ask. "The party will fulfill your desires. We have in stock a tried, excellently functioning, and courageous rebel, an individualist, an angry young man. We guarantee you'll get lots of mileage and fun out of him. . . ."

Queens College in New York City, in inviting Yevtushenko to

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be its guest in 1966, may not have realized that it was not he who accepted the invitation but the proper department—of the Politburo, the KGB, the Committee for Co-operation with Foreign Countries—in charge of organizing and preparing such trips. There is a general sentiment among a number of people in the West to the effect that "We must build bridges so that people from the other side may come to us and tell us how things are over there; in this way we can undertsand one another." Yevtushenko has exploited this feeling with a cunning and cynicism for which he is rewarded by prestige, privileges, and wealth. At a press conference in New York he said, "You shouldn't idealize your own freedom," and at another meeting, in answer to a question about Sinyavsky and Daniel, he said: "Surely you Americans would not approve of a writer's publishing anti-American works in Moscow under an assumed name!" Of course Yevtushenko knows that no American has to go to Moscow to publish anything he wants—even *MacBird!* can be staged in New York without interference. But Yevtushenko's training was unfailing: he immediately continued a pointless counterargument—and reaped applause from his Queens College listeners.

An Impertinent Question

A segment of Soviet society is struggling indomitably to bring about the humanization of Communism, to restore the freedom and dignity of the individual, and to gain the right to the basic achievements of contemporary civilization, such as habeas corpus and freedom of speech. The struggle has brought forth leaders and martyrs. Pasternak, Sinyavsky, Daniel, and Josip Brodsky have been among its symbols in the past decade. The attitude toward these people, their tragedy and martyrdom, constitutes the only criterion for moral and ideological evaluation, not to mention judgment for simple human decency, of all those who are now in the spotlight of Soviet public life.

Sinyavsky and Daniel were sentenced at a trial reminiscent of medieval witch hunts or Hitler's rape of justice. Asked by a young student in Queens College what he thought of this trial, Yevtushenko answered: "That's an unfriendly and provocative question. It's like inviting someone to dinner and then putting a dead rat on his plate. Your parents haven't brought you up properly." In view of this answer, it becomes perfectly clear why Yevtushenko was not among the sixty-two Soviet writers, including even Ehrenburg, who signed a petition in May, 1966, asking clemency for the two defendants. His signature on the petition would have made impossible the trip to New York and Queens College.

The trial of Brodsky was a prime example of Khrushchevian anti-Semitism: the ailing poet, afflicted with tuberculosis, was sent to a hard-labor camp near the Arctic Circle. His crimes consisted in being a "Jewish parasite"—as he was described in the sentence and by the press—of translating Eliot, and of dabbling in metaphysics. The shocked Russian intellectual community, seeing the trial as an expression of a pathological hatred of culture itself, protested through letters and petitions. The name of Yevtushenko, that militant philo-Semite and vanquisher of Hitlerism, was not on any of the protests.

The Russian intellectual is fighting stubbornly and in darkness for the expansion of the margin of human dignity and independence of thought, believing that at least the luminaries of American literature and university life understand him and his tenacious effort. It is against this backdrop that one must judge the honors and adulation accorded in the West to Yevtushenko, the partner of the jailers whom the struggling Russian intellectual holds in contempt. In fact, respect and admiration for Yevtushenko are an insult to the intellectual's suffering. He cannot help but ask why he should endanger his life and his work when the only defenders of the values for which he is suffering fête and honor one of his enemies. This is a *political* mistake that one day may haunt Americans and all others who care for freedom.

IN THE MIDST of the mass persecution of writers in the Soviet Union, Yevtushenko's position as official unofficial representative of Soviet freedom had long since become untenable. But there has been something almost self-flagellatory in Yevtushenko's apparent courting of public humiliation—the care he has taken to expose himself to charges of excess in various forms of self-indulgence. In an essay on Yevtushenko, Sinyavsky pointed out that his approach reflects what Pasternak called "the idea of the poet's biography as spectacle," wherein the poet not only composes verses but lives in them, as it were, for the public to see.

But it is almost as if, moved by some inner compulsion, Yevtushenko had chosen to take some awesome civic and cultural burden upon himself. This is the interpretation of Geoffrey Dutton, the Australian poet, whose latest volume of poems is dedicated to Yevtushenko. In his poem "Would You Be Yevtushenko?" Dutton apostrophizes poets, "mild fellows, politely turning their backs to you," who "only make scratching sounds on lonely desks," and then asks:

But if, oh uncorrupted ones, you had the chance,
Bursting from some far country not called free,
With millions for audience, books in hundreds of thousands,
Under TV lights, with an income twice the Prime Minister's,
Just from poetry,
Would you have the nerve to come out of your alienation
In your old Irish tweeds smelling of exile and cunning,
And in the awful public heat, not regret
The cozy warmth of being untempted and ignored?

In other words, Yevtushenko boldly rebels in Acapulco while Sinyavsky languishes in a Siberian concentration camp. But without doubt Yevtushenko saw himself in this light. Indeed, the parading of self-sacrifice and the vicarious confessions of his shortcomings ("I resisted half; I should have to the hilt. . . .") have become the staples of his vaudeville exhibitionism. "Such turns and sophistries," Sinyavsky wrote, "have long since become Yevtushenko's trademark." In his public and private appearances Yevtushenko has flaunted his Christianity, drawing

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attention to the crucifix he always wears, continually quoting the Bible. Certainly he considered that his foreordained role was that of Pontifex Maximus. "Who knows," he asked during a public appearance in Paris in 1962, "perhaps our generation is to be sacrificed? We would then be like Napoleon's cavalrymen who threw themselves into the river to form a bridge over which others might cross to the opposite shore."

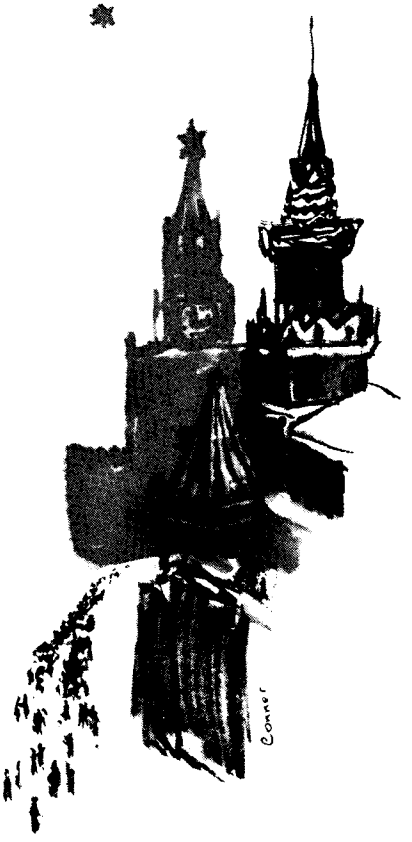
Perhaps the most striking expression of Yevtushenko's dilemma is to be found in his recent poem "Monologue of the Arctic Fox":

I am the blue fox on the gray animal farm
But since I am destined for death by the color of my coat
Behind the impenetrable iron fence
I take no consolation in the beauty of my fur. . . .

(The blue fox escapes but, overawed by freedom, returns to captivity of his own accord.)

But I was tired and snowstorms overcame me
I could not extricate my frozen paws
And I had no friend or sweetheart there:
The children of captivity are too weak for freedom. . . .
He who was born in a kennel bemoans best in the kennel.
With horror I understood that I loved the chain that binds me;
The animal farm is my beloved native land.
I wanted to be innocent like my fathers
But unlike them I was born into slavery;
Whoever feeds me, by him shall I be given over
And he who strokes me, flays me for my fur.

Yevtushenko understood the government's game of containment by accommodation—the granting of limited concessions to writers in return for unlimited obedience. But in his egotistical vision he saw the license he had received from the régime as a warranted opportunity to exploit his poetic talent, his developing personality, and his exhibitionism in the cause of freedom. It was this increasingly refined rationalization that put a wholly unwarranted premium on the maintenance of his license and led to his making concessions and proclaiming them as more than mere concessions —and therefore less. This was passed off as his "battle strategy"—the poet "retreats to attack." In Sinyavsky's analysis, Yevtushenko was simply forced to resort to devious maneuvers, ambush, and camouflage ("we contrived to get orders and to do it all the other way round"). But this complicated strategy turned out in the end to be merely an adjustment to the situation on the part of Yevtushenko. Thus he made the changes in "Babi Yar" required by the government through the introduction



of a Ukrainian martyr heroine murdered by the Nazis while attempting to save a Jew. In 1963, when Khrushchev cracked down on the writers and artists of the Soviet Union, his action evoked an unprecedented demonstration of solidarity on the part of Soviet intellectuals who have openly and continually demanded not only intellectual and artistic freedom but also fundamental changes in the structure of Soviet society. There were only two writers who recanted; Yevtushenko was one of them. It was then that the picture of Yevtushenko as a heroic rebel was revealed as a fraud.

But this was not the core of his tragedy. Worst of all, Yevtushenko killed what talent he possessed. For what was so attractive was the appearance of the poet as tribune, the public spokesman for the private individual, the artist *engagé* wielding unprecedented and unsuspected power as the proclaimer and mover of sociopolitical ideas. It was the virtual identification of Yevtushenko's biography as spectacle with the mainspring of his inspiration and vision that ruined his talent. For even if he had achieved "the stamp of an exclusive personality" courting "a great and terrible fate," his acceptance and carrying out of party directives would have compromised him in the end.

As it was, Yevtushenko was overtaken, isolated, and exposed by the revolt of his fellow writers against the undiminished evil of Soviet censorship. Because of these "monstrous restraints," Solzhenitsyn charged in an open letter to the Writers' Union, "the best part of our literature comes to light mutilated." Yevtushenko has emerged as something worse than a mere party hack. He is a party hack pathetically parading as something infinitely better. He has come to represent captivity, decked out like an aging whore with the cosmetics of freedom applied with such tastelessness that his true nature is not hidden but proclaimed.

A left-wing Mexico City newspaper published Yevtushenko's "In Memory of Martin Luther King" just before his retreat via New York to Moscow:

He was a Negro, but with
A soul as pure as the white snow.
He was killed by whites
With black souls.
When I received this news
That same bullet entered me.
The bullet killed him,
But by that bullet I was reborn.
And I was reborn a Negro!

The blue fox has become what Sinyavsky feared most—an incongruous hybrid, a monster whose pseudomoralistic incantations serve only to divert attention from the infinite monstrosity of the cause he serves.

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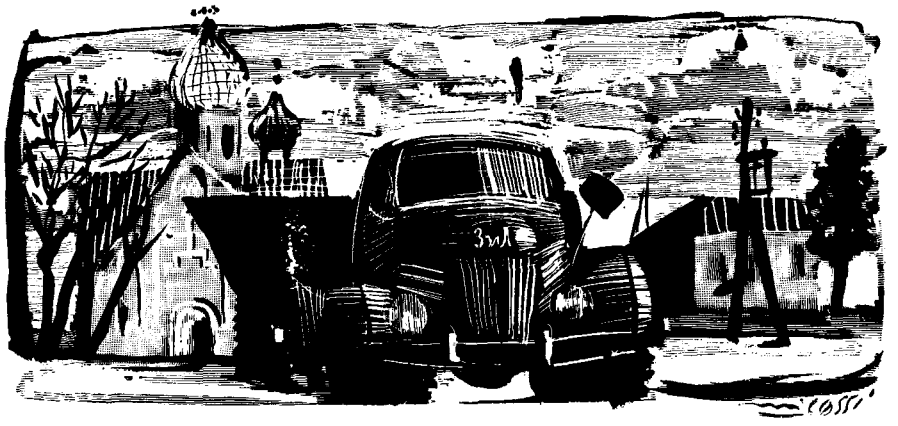

The Resurgence Of Ukrainian Nationalism

TIBOR SZAMUELY

ALTHOUGH the Ukraine is the second largest country in Europe after the Russian Soviet Republic itself, and possesses clearly defined frontiers, a national language, and a historical tradition—it even glories in those supreme attributes of modern statehood: a national flag, a national anthem, and a place at the United Nations—few westerners ever think of it as a state. The reason is that the Ukraine, all appearances to the contrary, is not really a state at all but that curious entity, a "Union Republic" of the U.S.S.R. In other words, it is a mere territorial unit of the last of the great colonial empires. And, in the world of cant we inhabit today, this is sufficient to render it of no interest whatsoever to western opinion. The granting of independence to an unviable patch of African jungle or a remote coral atoll is a matter of incomparably greater import than the continuing thralldom of many ancient European nations. And in this great struggle against the remnants of western colonialism, progressive people all over the world warmly welcome the support and fervent anti-colonial devotion of the greatest and most oppressive colonial empire of them all.

Nothing can better illustrate the nature of this totalitarian oppression and the obduracy of the struggle against it than the recent history of the Ukraine. After breaking away from Russia in 1918, the Ukraine remained independent for only two years—two years of ferocious civil war. The comparative tranquillity of Lenin's "New Economic Policy" in the 1920's—gradual economic and social resuscitation, and even a marked cultural renaissance—was cut short by Stalin's momentous decision in 1928 to collectivize the countryside. In the space of six or seven years the country's population declined by one-tenth—surely a record for a time of peace.

Khrushchev's Purge

The Communist authorities have seen to it that the outside world knows hardly anything about this aspect of Soviet history. Only the barest facts have emerged: at least four million Ukrainians perished in the artificially created famine of 1932-1933, more than two million more were deported to Siberia, and hundreds of thousands were executed or died in prison. The Ukrainian intellectual elite was already all but exterminated by the time the Great Purge of 1936-1938 began to sweep through the land. By early 1938, after Nikita Khrushchev, who knew the Ukraine well from his early years as a mechanic in the mining camps of the Donbas, had been sent by Stalin to take over, every member of the Ukrainian S.S.R.'s Central Committee and its government, every departmental head and police chief, every regional and district party secretary and council chairman, every industrial director and administrator, almost every writer, journalist, and scholar of repute, had been arrested—and most of them executed.

Small wonder that the German armies that poured into the Ukraine in June, 1941, were welcomed as liberators. The Ukrainians soon realized their mistake: the National Government established in Lvov (in the recently annexed Western Ukraine) under Stepan Bandera was dispersed after a few days and its members arrested. Once again the Ukrainians took to arms simultaneously against two of the world's most formidable powers. They were led by the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists) and the UPA (Ukrainian Rebel Army) under the command of General Roman Shukhevych.

From 1944 onward, the Ukraine, and particularly its western regions, became the arena of a relentless struggle between the guerrilla detachments of UPA and regular divisions of the Red Army and the security forces. Prisoners were tortured and killed, hostages executed, villages destroyed, whole populations resettled by the Russian troops. It was one of the bitterest guerrilla wars of our time, comparable in scale to Vietnam. But the West, of course, heard little about it—nor did the Soviet peoples themselves know much more. I discovered the truth only by accident in the fall of 1946, after demobilization from the Red Army. In the course of a two-week train journey through the Ukraine from west to east, it became clear that the whole western area, with the exception of the railways and the large towns, was under the control of the Banderovtsy, as they were called.

Against a determined, ruthless totalitarian enemy like the Russian Communists, no resistance movement can continue indefinitely. In March, 1950, General Shukhevych was killed in action; soon afterward the organized guerrilla operation was finally crushed.

NOTHING, it seemed, not even Stalin's death, could revive national feeling after twenty years of fearful bloodletting. But slowly, painfully, the Ukraine began to rediscover itself. A new generation had

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to grow up and nearly fifteen years had to pass before Ukrainian nationalism could flare up again.

In the post-Stalin period, the party's "Marxist-Leninist nationalities policy" has been undeviatingly pursued through every twist and turn of politics. Its essence is the gradual assimilation of national cultures within one single Soviet (and obviously Russian) culture, the gradual adoption of the Russian language by the nationalities of the U.S.S.R., the elimination of non-Russian (and especially anti-Russian) national traditions, and the eradication of "bourgeois nationalism." But the new Soviet leadership was in no position to apply Stalin's methods of naked terror: the aim was to be achieved by "peaceful" means of infiltration, encroachment, and re-education.

The methodical dilution of the Ukraine's ethnic composition, by settling large numbers of Russians in the cities and encouraging the "voluntary" migration of Ukrainians to the Virgin Lands and elsewhere, has resulted in Russians' making up about half the urban population. The towns have become largely Russian in character. Ukrainian national culture has been systematically reduced to an inferior status. As a result of unrelenting pressure upon schoolchildren and their parents, by 1966 about one-third of all pupils attended Russian-language schools. In that year only thirty-five per cent of the total circulation of periodicals was in Ukrainian, and the proportion of book titles printed in Ukrainian gradually decreased from a 1930 high of eighty-four per cent to forty-one per cent in 1965.

It would be blind to deny that the upheavals of the past half century have wrought profound and lasting changes in the Ukraine—changes not only in the national or social composition of the population but in its world outlook and in the very nature of its national consciousness. For better or for worse, the Ukraine is today far more open to non-Ukrainian influences than in any previous period. In this sense, I suppose, one can speak of the Bolshevik nationalities policy as having been successful. But, as with so many other Communist "successes," this one has created problems more acute and more dangerous for the régime than the original unsatisfactory situation it was designed to remedy.

THE OLD-STYLE romantic peasant nationalism has been replaced by the modern, ideological nationalism of an industrialized, urbanized, and literate society. Whereas the national movement of the 1940's acquired most of its impetus, together with its leaders, from the western regions —the historical Galicia—which had never been part of the Russian Empire and regarded all things Russian with incomprehension and hatred, the present generation of nationalist Ukrainian intellectuals are products of a Soviet education and of a newly homogeneous Ukrainian nation. They are steeped in Russian culture no less than in their own. In their underground writings they quote Herzen and Chernyshevsky as often as Shevchenko or Ivan Franko, and invoke the names of Sinyavsky and Daniel much more frequently than those of Bandera or Shukhevych.

The new movement of national protest has developed under the influence of the explosive events of the last fifteen years. The emergence, for the first time since 1917, of a genuine independent public opinion, which Stalin's discredited and enfeebled epigones have been unable to suppress, coincided with intensified efforts at Russifying the Ukraine. The resultant reaction in the Ukraine is, in the words of the young Ukrainian literary critic Ivan Dziuba, "a spontaneous, multiform, widespread, and self-generating process: a nation trying to defend itself against the obvious prospect of disappearing from the human family."

As Dziuba points out, the new movement of national resistance appears in a variety of forms: in conspiratorial anti-Communist organizations, in the semi-underground world of the young writers, and on the official surface of Soviet life, where it receives occasional backing even from otherwise reactionary figures of the literary establishment.

One can find parallels for much of this in the present Russian cultural ferment. But the feelings of the Ukrainian intellectuals are much more clear-cut, their demands much more definite. And unlike the Russians, the Ukrainians have a positive program: national integrity and national independence. As a program this may sound terribly unsophisticated (as were the programs of every other national-liberation movement in this century), but it does provide a concrete rallying point for men of widely differing social backgrounds and political convictions—something the Russian protesters, in their tortured search for "legality," "democratization," or "Leninist ideals," have so far been unable to achieve.

Poet and Prophet

Like any other similar movement, this revived Ukrainian nationalism has retained many traditional features. Perhaps the most striking link with the past is the fact that once again the central figure of the national upsurge is a poet—a poet of rare talent, Vasyl Symonenko, who died, aged twenty-nine, in December, 1963. He has already become a legend in the Ukraine: the great hero figure of the young generation. The Communist authorities, who mistrusted and abused Symonenko in his lifetime, are now attempting to claim him as their own. Many of his verses have been posthumously published in a mutilated form, and an official Symonenko cult is being fostered, with very little success.

Communist anxiety about the rapid and "unhealthy" growth of Symonenko's unsponsored popularity became apparent after the publication abroad of some of the boldest of Symonenko's suppressed poems, together with his diary in 1965. The government's alarm, as well as the young people's enthusiasm, is easily understood when one reads lines such as these (from "Granite Obelisks"), referring to the Ukraine after forty-five years of Soviet rule:

"In the cemetery of bullet-riddled illusions
There is no longer any room for graves.
Billions of faiths—buried in the soil,
Billions of happinesses—smashed to smithereens . . ."

At a crowded literary meeting in Kiev in January, 1965, in honor of Symonenko's thirtieth birthday, Ivan

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Dziuba, a close friend of the dead poet, openly declared, in the presence of the "Republic's" official ideological leaders: "Vasyl Symonenko is first and foremost a poet of the national idea. . . . It is real for us today, and it represents the concept of a fully sovereign state and cultural existence for the Ukrainian socialist nation." Words like these had probably not been heard in public since the liquidation of the Ukraine's independence.

The challenge was taken up. Soon a group of Symonenko's associates, including Dziuba and the critic Ivan Svitlychny, were arrested on charges of having smuggled the poet's manuscripts to the West and held in custody for several months. But the time-honored remedies of the KGB seem to have little effect nowadays. In September, 1966, after his release, Dziuba delivered a sensational speech at Babi Yar, where the Nazis had massacred sixty thousand Kiev Jews twenty-five years before.

This remarkable speech provides clear proof (as do a number of other documents) that the new Ukrainian national movement, so far from being anti-Semitic—as it had been, frequently and notoriously, in the past—is making common cause with the Jews, in whom it sees another minority subjected to even harsher oppression by the common enemy, who had long derived profit from pitting the two peoples against each other. "Babi Yar," declared Dziuba, "is our common tragedy."

Also, Dziuba spoke of Communism and Nazism as being two almost identical manifestations of a single phenomenon—a fact that has long been clear to thinking Soviet citizens but has yet to be grasped by western "progressive" intellectuals, forever petrified in their anachronistic concept of "Left" versus "Right."

Fascism neither begins nor ends in Babi Yar. Fascism begins in disrespect for man, and ends in the destruction of man, in the destruction of nations—though not necessarily only in the manner of Babi Yar.

The names of Symonenko, Dziuba, and some of their friends have broken through the totalitarian barriers of silence and become renowned throughout their land. But until *quite recently* the police-state authorities were still able to prevent

the public from knowing anything about the hundreds and thousands of people who were being arrested, tried for nationalism before secret tribunals, and silently sent away to prison or prison camp or even executed. And all this at the very time that the western world was busy congratulating Khrushchev for having done away with political trials!

TODAY the Soviet régime can no longer sustain this monstrous edifice of hypocrisy. For the first time in years it has become possible to reconstruct a detailed (though obviously far from complete) record of recent terroristic measures against Ukrainian nationalism.

After a few years of relative quiescence, large-scale arrests began once more in December, 1958, when the KGB uncovered an illegal United Party for the Liberation of the Ukraine, organized by a group of young workers and students in Stanislaviv (now Ivano-Frankovsk).

The arrest less than two years later of members of the Ukrainian Worker-Peasant Alliance was a more serious affair. In some ways their secret trial in Lvov became a turning point in the Soviet authorities' treatment of Ukrainian nationalism, because the men on trial had themselves been trusted members of the Communist elite. One can imagine the fury of the KGB when it discovered that exemplary Soviet citizens, trusted guardians of law and order, had established an illegal organization to prepare the Ukraine's secession. Their draft program, couched in impeccable Marxist-Leninist terms, was a scathing indictment of the régime: they accused the Soviet government of responsibility for the murder of millions of persons, for mass famines, for suppressing the Ukrainian language and transforming the Ukraine into an economic appendage of Russia. "In some respects the Ukraine's position today is far worse than it had been under the czarist régime—in reality she is a colony of Moscow." The chief victims are the peasants, "who are suffering social, economic, political, and cultural persecution, whose position is no different from that of serfs in the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries."

All the accused stubbornly maintained that there was nothing illegal in conducting peaceful propaganda for secession—a right specifically granted each Republic by Article 17 of the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. This claim aroused considerable hilarity among their judges, who asked them to stop playing the fool: as educated men, they knew perfectly well that the constitution existed solely for the edification of the out-

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side world. The sentences were appropriately savage—as much as fifteen years in prison camp.

When, a few months later, the KGB uncovered yet another illegal organization in Lvov, the sentences were even harsher. At the trial in December, 1961, of twenty young workers and peasants, members of a Ukrainian National Committee, two youths were sentenced to death and shot. Ten years was the lightest sentence handed down to any of the twenty.

The 1966 Trials

These three secret political trials were probably the most important held in the Ukraine between 1958 and 1964. But lesser secret trials for "criminal nationalist propaganda"—also unknown in the West (or the Soviet Union, for that matter)—took place in almost every large Ukrainian city. Yet nothing seemed to help: unrest was growing and dissenters becoming bolder. Meanwhile, with Khrushchev's downfall, the government was going over to its new, tougher line. What was needed, the KGB decided, was more of the same medicine. And in August and September of 1965, a wave of arrests on an unprecedented scale was carried out throughout the Ukraine. Dozens of young intellectuals—university lecturers, teachers, poets, journalists, and scientists, many of them already well known through their writings—were pulled in; hundreds more were interrogated and received final warnings.

The victims were tried, one by one or in small groups, early in 1966. The sentences were mild by Soviet standards, in most cases five or six years' hard labor. But then, none of the defendants were charged with anything more serious than reading or disseminating "subversive nationalistic writings"—including President Eisenhower's speech at the opening of the Shevchenko Memorial in Washington and the text of a message from Pope John XXIII.

The new series of repressions has proved to have been the Communists' biggest mistake. Instead of shutting up the opposition once and for all, it opened a flood of publicity such as had never been seen before. The trial dates became known to the public in advance; crowds besieged the courtrooms, shouting protests and bickering with the guards; the prisoners were greeted with flowers and cries of "*Slava*!" ("Glory!"). The trials themselves, held with a complete disregard even for the provisions of Soviet law, ended in convictions, but their effect was the exact opposite of what had been intended. They evoked discontent and

protest even among elements that had hitherto never wavered in their loyalty to the régime. The Ukraine was now well and truly aroused from its forty years of terrorized slumber.

WORST OF ALL, from the authorities' point of view, the 1965-1966 arrests resulted in the veil of totalitarian secrecy being finally torn away, and the outside world receiving its first real insight into the Ukrainian situation. A twenty-nine-year-old journalist, Viacheslav Chornovil, who had been sent to cover some of the trials for Kiev radio and television, was asked to make a false deposition against four of the accused who had been friends of his. He refused to comply and was indicted for doing so. Deeply shaken by what he had witnessed and experienced, he set about collecting every scrap of information he could find concerning the trials.

In the summer of 1967 a copy of Chornovil's *White Book* was smuggled abroad. It was published in Ukrainian early this year in Paris under the title *Woe from Wit*. The book contains biographies of twenty of the men and women arrested and tried in 1965-1966, together with a number of documents: excerpts from the court proceedings, letters from camp, unpublished manuscripts, etc. It is probably the most important source book on the Ukraine in many years, and its facts have been confirmed and complemented by a huge amount of new material that is now pouring out of the Ukraine—and from the Russian prisons and prison camps where Ukrainians are held.

As to the author, Viacheslav Chornovil, only those who have lived under Soviet rule can fully appreciate the incredible courage needed to tell the First Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party to his face: "The greatest material saturation without the unfettering of thought and will is not Communism. It is merely a large prison with a higher ration for the prisoners. . . . Maybe our generation will live in a *proclaimed* Communism, just as we now live in a *proclaimed* sovereign republic, have *proclaimed* freedoms, and a *proclaimed* socialist legality?"

Chornovil knew the risk he was taking, and he paid the price: arrested last August, he was tried on November 15—one week after the worldwide celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution—and sentenced to three years' hard labor for anti-Soviet propaganda. (Apparently his sentence was then halved under the jubilee amnesty.)

All the available evidence shows that the ever-increasing tempo of repression has failed to cow the Ukrainian people. Much has changed, and the wheel cannot be turned back, whatever the desires of Stalin's successors. The essence of this change was best formulated by the historian Valentin Moroz in his letter from prison camp, graphically entitled "Report from the Beria Reserve": "The present events are a turning point: the glacier of terror which had firmly bound the spiritual life of the nation for many years is breaking up. As always, they put people behind bars, and as always deport them to the East. But this time these people did not sink into obscurity. In the last decade, for the first time and to the great surprise of the KGB, public opinion has been aroused."

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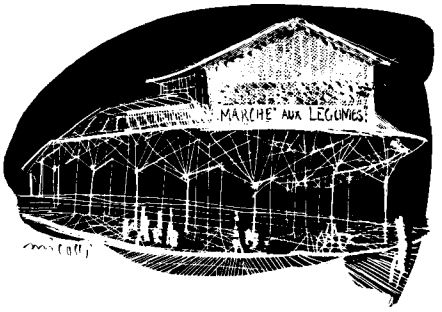

On the Barricades Of Paris

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

THOUGH President de Gaulle imperturbably left on his long-scheduled state visit to Romania the morning after the huge, unprecedented student-worker street demonstration of May 13 in the heart of Paris, it was already clear by then that his régime is facing not merely a political but a revolutionary crisis comparable to the one that brought it to power exactly ten years ago.

Paradoxically, it was the endlessly chanted slogans of the demonstrators—"De Gaulle Resign, De Gaulle Assassin, Ten Years, That's Enough, Happy Birthday, General"—along with the red or black anarchist flags flaunted in front of the City Hall and Prefecture of Police that probably symbolized the Fifth Republic's best chance for survival. Up to the May 13 demonstration, an unopposed and therefore pacific march of several hundred thousand men, women, and children from the Place de la République on the Right Bank to the Place Denfert Rochereau on the Left, it was possible to believe that the disorders of the previous "Red Week" in the Latin Quarter were due essentially to the government's heavy-handed, inept reaction to the student unrest that a few campus extremists were trying to fan into rebellion. Though that view did not adequately explain, for example, how the students happened to be equipped—according to *Le Figaro*—with a pneumatic drill to help them dig up cobblestones for their barricades, and with expensive battery-powered bullhorns for calling the lycée students out to join the fun, it was evident that the government had bungled its original attempt at repression on May 4.

When the rector of the Sorbonne, with government approval, closed down the university and called for police to invade its sacred premises in violation of a six-hundred-year taboo, merely because a few hundred students were holding a routine protest meeting in the courtyard and arguing among themselves about what acts of defiance they might commit, he inadvertently lined up all the students with the leftist extremists who had organized the protest.

WITHIN a short time, indeed, not only all the students in France but most of the intellectuals and eventually a large majority of public opinion manifested disapproval of the government's attempts to preserve order in the streets of the capital. In the absence of Premier Georges Pompidou, who was visiting in Iran and Afghanistan, President de Gaulle's ministers—of course with his approval, to say the least—heroically but unwisely refused to yield to the inevitable. When the Premier returned, however, he consulted with de Gaulle, then made a brief radio talk to the nation that was in effect an unconditional surrender to all the students' demands, including the release of foreign and nonstudent demonstrators already convicted by the courts for various offenses. The public heaved a sigh of relief and commentators hailed the beginning of de-escalation in the conflict between authority and the forces of revolt. Thus the May 13 demonstration, accompanied by a general strike, came as a shock.

From the first it was evident that the victory of the student revolutionaries was conceived as a beginning, not an end. The public's response to the slogans of the marching students and workers grew steadily cooler as they became increasingly political and revolutionary in character. Accompanying some of the picturesque student delegations were hawkers selling a special issue of the new student paper *Action*, announcing that by decision of the chief national student and teaching unions the universities throughout France would be occupied by the students but would not function "normally" until the Minister of the Interior and the Paris Prefect of Police had been forced to resign. The front page carried the banner line "The Streets Will Conquer," and the back page instructed readers to organize action committees. One banner I saw being carried by an unidentified group said "Organize Self-Defense Groups."

Even more ominous was the systematic use being made of inflammatory rumors and accusations. I saw placards calling for revenge for "our dead," although no fatalities had yet been reported. Others asked, "What happened to the wounded who have disappeared from the hospitals?" As the parade was ending the false rumor was launched that one body of marchers was wheeling to descend on the Elysée Palace. Unquestionably expert and ruthless revolutionary agitators played a big part in organizing the demonstration and in at least some of the earlier Left Bank riots. They had more experience and a more professional staff, not to mention funds, than any student extremists are believed to possess.

Naturally, the disciplined masses of the Communist-controlled Con-

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fédération Générale du Travail (CGT) unions, mobilized from the Red Belt of the Paris suburbs, dominated the parade by their numbers and organization. While joining in the attacks against de Gaulle and the entire régime, they stressed the slogan "A People's Government." Some friction between the CGT and other traditional labor organizations participating in the demonstration and the students was evident as it broke up. Violent clashes between leftist demonstrators and police occurred in several provincial cities. After a night and morning of wild confusion within the walls of the Sorbonne, where, according to the Paris papers, the atmosphere was reminiscent of the Chinese cultural revolution, student agitation resumed in the streets of the Latin Quarter.

'Enterprise of Subversion'

The French authorities have made two basic allegations about the origin of the large-scale violence that exploded in the Latin Quarter after the closing of the Sorbonne and its suburban annex at Nanterre west of the city. The first allegation, officially voiced by the Paris Prefect of Police, Maurice Grimaud, is that left-wing extremist agitators, mostly French university students but including a few foreign ones and a number of more mature revolutionaries, initially incited the mass demonstrations on the Left Bank and then turned them into planned experiments in urban guerrilla warfare. The activity of these agitators, the Prefect told reporters, thus constituted an "enterprise of subversion." Observers here believe the charge is seriously founded, and it is accepted by some Paris and Nanterre students I talked with who witnessed the riots close at hand without taking part in them.

The second allegation, more vaguely formulated by otherwise unidentified French "government circles" cited in the local press and on radio networks, is that the disorders were instigated by French Maoists to sabotage the Vietnam peace negotiations here. So far no direct evidence has been published to substantiate this charge, but it is not quite so weird as it sounds. Though it seems doubtful that many of the young Latin Quarter agitators were primarily intent on disrupting the U.S.-North Vietnamese talks at the Hotel Majestic across the river, the riots were to a considerable degree a direct outgrowth of the almost demented pro-Hanoi and anti-U.S. agitation that had been going on for months in French universities and in the streets of the capital. After so much frenzy and fanaticism had been allowed to build up, some kind of explosion was inevitable.

Most of the student revolutionaries, including the Trotskyites but not the Moscow Communists, are adherents of the French National Committee for Vietnam (Comité National Vietnam), an influential, rabidly anti-American, rather pro-Peking group headed by prominent left-wing intellectuals like Professor Laurent Schwartz, a fifty-two-year-old mathematician and former Trotskyite who was recently refused a U.S. visa to accept an invitation from Berkeley.

At Nanterre, where the student extremists virtually took over control of the courses and administration last March, it was the Vietnam issue, according to *Le Monde*, that crystallized the formation of the revolutionary Twenty-second of March movement there. "Vietnam," the *Monde* article explained, "was the origin and cement of the movement. And the affair of March 22 [the student show of force that forced the de facto capitulation of the university authorities at Nanterre] was born of a protest demonstration against the arrest of certain activists belonging to the National Committee."

Of course Vietnam was not the only factor in the student revolt; like rebellious students elsewhere, those at Nanterre and the Sorbonne have been led to a general challenge to society as they know it by their readings in Marcuse, Mao, Marx, and Trotsky. The importance of the Vietnam question was that it enabled the revolutionary agitators both at Nanterre and in Paris—indeed, throughout France—to mobilize and regiment the nonrevolutionary student mass for political action, and above all, perhaps, to impose their dictatorship on the campuses.

The various extremist factions endlessly squabbled among themselves over fine points of revolutionary dogma and political allegiance—the Maoists at Nanterre threw out a well-known Communist deputy and intellectual who had been invited by other leftist groups to give a talk—but joined in imposing a rigid ban on all "pro-imperialist" campus activities or private utterance. "We demand freedom of expression within the university but we deny it to partisans of the Americans," Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the twenty-three-year-old German anarchist who has emerged as one of the chief extremist leaders, frankly told the weekly *Nouvel Observateur* in an interview. "Nobody would allow a meeting on the theme that Hitler was right to massacre six million Jews. Why tolerate a pro-American meeting organized by fascists on a very similar theme?"

The "partisans of the Americans" Cohn-Bendit was mainly referring to were those belonging to the right-wing nationalist student movement calling itself Occident, which is no less prone to violence and no less allergic to free speech than the young totalitarians of the Left, but on a number of occasions Nanterre students who were partisans of nothing but minding their own business were molested for not adopting the shibboleths of the new anti-conformist conformism. Bloody clashes between leftists and Occident commandos in which both sides were armed with wooden clubs, iron bars, slingshots, blackjacks, and switchblade knives became increasingly frequent, both at Nanterre and in the Latin Quarter, during April. It was one of these frays, resulting in a summons for Cohn-Bendit and seven of his comrades from Nanterre to appear before a university disciplinary board at the Sorbonne, that initiated the chain of events leading directly to the Paris uprising.

The Fruits of Permissiveness

Thus, in addition to its basic mistake of cracking down on the students at the wrong time in the wrong way, and then wavering at critical moments during the ensuing disorders between abject appeasement and brutal violence, President de Gaulle's government was the victim of its earlier permissiveness toward almost any agitation in the name of Vietnam, providing it was anti-

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This mechanical engineer is trying to decipher the mysteries of blood circulation.

Who'd guess he's in the computer business?

"Medical research may seem an odd field for a man in the computer business," says IBM's Louis Lopez, "let alone for a mechanical engineer. But we're applying engineering techniques to a study of the bloodstream.

"In some aspects the human circulatory system resembles a hydraulic system. It has a pump, valves and fluid in motion. We're trying to express its mechanics in precise mathematical equations. This requires millions of calculations. Without computers, we couldn't do it."

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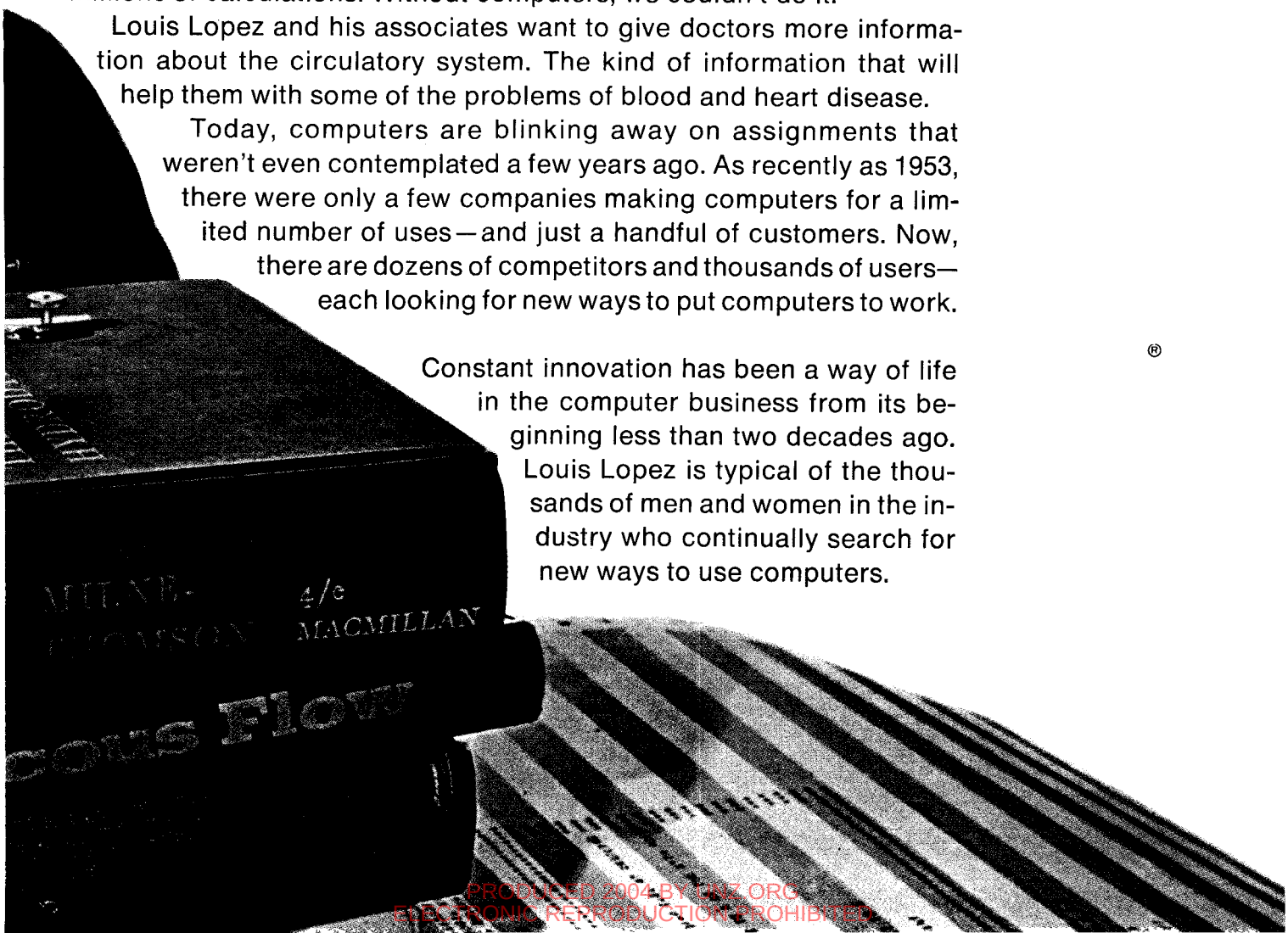
Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Louis Lopez is typical of the thousands of men and women in the industry who continually search for new ways to use computers.



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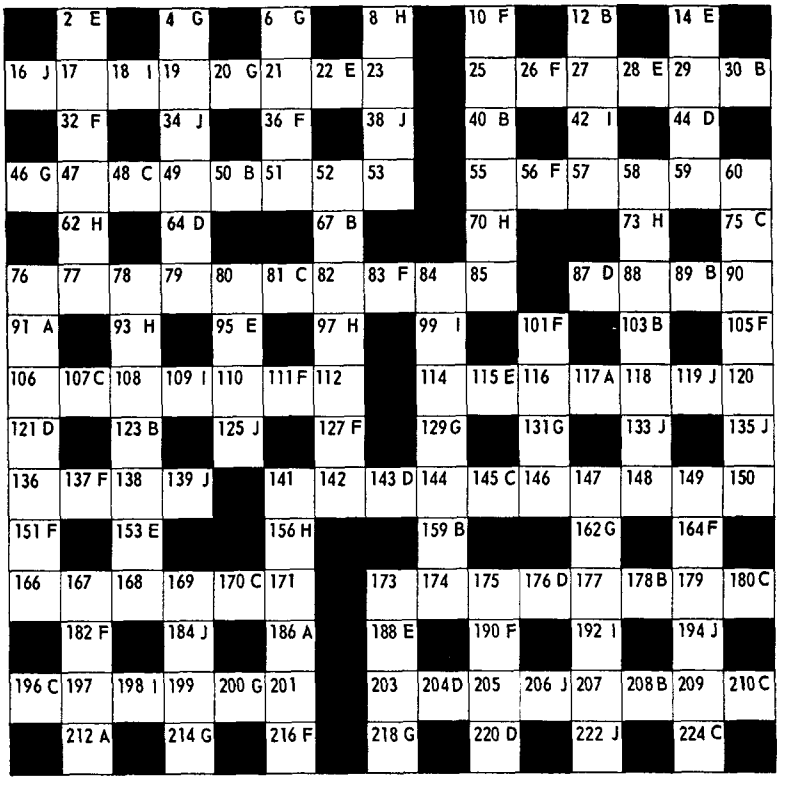
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 192

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
212 117 186 91 "Cogito, _____ sum." Descartes, "Le Discours de la Méthode."

B
178 103 40 159 89 12 67 30 208

50 123 What Dante seems to have had between the heavens (7,4).

C
107 75 210 81 224 48 170 196 145

180 How a Southerner given to understatement might describe a downpour (5,5).

D
204 87 143 176 220 44 121 64 A double railway siding (4,4).

E
95 188 28 14 22 153 115 2 Certain Vietnam critics may be said to have this (4,4).

F
127 111 182 151 101 190 56 216

36 32 164 10 83 105 137 26 Home of the Wolverines (3,5,8).

G
218 46 214 6 129 162 4 20 131 200 Considerate individual (4,6).

H
156 70 93 73 62 97 8 Proverbially an unfortunate draft (3,4).

I
198 42 18 109 192 99 Mechanical man in the Oz books (3/3).

J
16 206 135 34 133 194 139 38 125

119 184 222 Threefold outcome (6,6).

ACROSS

16. Smoke tea? You may help yourself (4,4).
25. What you are looking for near two points.
46. Nude and bragging about it.
55. Once an old lady, so the story goes.
76. Conveyance and a seat for the mail? (4,6).
87. You'll find the way if you desire.
106. Make believe it's soft and tender.
114. If you make an 87 across, your affairs will be (2,5).
136. But the body of water isn't usually this color!
141. Airflow for a lady's undergarment?
166. Rodent and particle make a share.
173. Deal when cats rant.
196. Chant at nine to one.
203. What an actor may be doing with a string about a little railroad.

DOWN

2. I aim, I do, at this Japanese lord.
4. What I hear about the wine at last.
6. Cupola a la mode.
8. Skillful about in West Federation.
10. Bargain with the crone first.
12. Repetitive goddess.
14. The fish gets mixed to make a French hat.
52. What 55 across may be about.
58. Cheat the swine with a pound and a penny.
60. New Englander, grim to the last!
76. With 141 down, the Acrostician is a this (7,6).
78. Lee's kit for a crafty Scot.
80. He wears a white hat. Is he a good guy? It's a matter of taste.
84. The captain may risk pep on occasion.
101. A motor loses a thousand and sends down a feeder.
141. See 76 down.
147. The holiday place to go to with a roster, perhaps.
149. Stress when a coin follows a current, in short.
167. Queen of Republican New England, paradoxically.
169. Image may shake up money.
173. Job of an earnest Askari.
175. Down with part of the Arab assault (1,3).

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American. It seems likely, too, that there is some substance to the frequent Communist charges that the government at least indirectly encouraged the development in France of Maoist, Trotskyite, anarchist, and other extremist splinter movements in order to undermine the orthodox Communist Party in France. If that is so, the President's ministers or advisers who recommended that policy must bitterly regret it today: there can be no doubt that whether or not Peking tried to sabotage the peace conference here, it was furious with de Gaulle for letting the talks take place and that the aggressiveness of the numerically important Marxist-Leninist—that is, Maoist—elements in the student movement was in part a reflection of official Chinese displeasure. (The head of the Agence France-Presse bureau in Peking was expelled recently, while the only representative of the New China News Agency in France and the press attaché of the Chinese embassy here ostentatiously returned home at the beginning of the riots.)

Even the much-celebrated pluralism of the revolutionary Left turned out to be a bane in disguise for the government. The chronic feuding between the two main Trotskyite factions—the Frankists and Lambertists—in the French student movement helped to create the campus climate of violence and fanaticism in which every kind of extremism flourishes, while the multiple rivalries within the leftist camp as a whole incited each group to outdo all the others in militancy. Finally, the leadership of the major student and univeristy teachers' unions, which at the beginning had at least given the appearance of being relatively responsible, was pushed into intransigence and extremism to avoid losing all influence over the mob. After the savage street fighting of May 10, which erupted when the student and faculty demonstrators started tearing up the streets of the Latin Quarter to erect no less than sixty barricades, *Le Monde* interviewed the leaders of the student-professor soviet that had organized the evening's demonstration—ostensibly a nonviolent protest against the government's refusal to accept the students' earlier ultimatum. The tension in the air was such, the demonstration organizers coolly explained to *Le Monde's* reporter, that it was necessary to keep the demonstrators occupied. "If the crowd hadn't been busy throwing up barricades," the reporter was told, "we wouldn't have been able to prevent them from attacking the police." (In the end, of course, it

was the police who had to attack the barricade to prevent a whole quarter of Paris from becoming an insurrectionary redoubt.) *Le Monde's* article, while generally more critical of the government than of the demonstrators, felt that on the specific issue of the barricade-building the arguments of their leaders were "not wholly convincing."

All in all, the Left Bank uprisings furnished a classic illustration of how governments and social systems often come to grief at the hands of revolutionary forces whose existence they scarcely suspect. The government made all the textbook mistakes, from neglecting the real and often legitimate grievances of its students and young people generally to miscalculating their reaction to a provocative but unimpressive show of force. While the mob behaved in exactly the way any student of Le Bon, Jung, or Trotsky might have expected, professional politicians—including some Gaullist ones—and most labor leaders tried hard to prove they were more than ever the true heirs of the Bourbons who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing from the downfall of the Fourth Republic ten years before. Their only interest seemed to be in how the riots could most effectively be exploited to weaken and if possible overthrow the Pompidou government.

In the intellectual community a substantial minority of professors, writers, and others more or less frankly sided with the revolutionaries. A symmetrical minority that before the crisis had been bleating for government action to protect them from student insolence began bleating about police brutality as soon as the government acted, while the majority simply manifested their incorrigible irresponsibility, though often with a certain measure of courage and dignity.

At a particularly critical moment in the crisis, René Maheu, Director General of UNESCO (where Professor Herbert Marcuse and a distinguished group of philosophers were holding a timely international symposium on Marx), made a public statement that appeared to confer a kind of global validity on the sick-society argument used by some of the student activists and their adult apologists to justify their revolt. "Those who are concerned with youth," said Maheu, "must henceforth expect to be confronted with a radical questioning of the world in its present state. May governments, teachers, parents, and public opinion realize this while there is still time."

THE most disturbing symptom of all was the apparent moral and political neutralism—whether viewed as between order and disorder or as between justice and blind repression—displayed by what appeared to a large front of the French middle and upper middle classes. The descendants of the implacable bourgeoisie that in 1848 applauded General Cavaignac's ruthless suppression of proletarian insurrection—virtually on the same spot as many of this month's barricades—and in 1871 approved the massacre of the Communards, played it cooler this time. At the peak of the street battles, such bourgeois Parisians could often be observed leaning out of their balconies—if they were high enough above the tear-gas fog—not exactly cheering the rioters on but tepidly waving encouragement to them, as long as it was the neighbors' cars they were turning over and setting on fire for their barricades. For a number of Frenchmen, apparently, defending the social order by lawful force is passé, like resisting aggression abroad or for that matter at home.

Perhaps the student revolt, for all its irrational and barbarian violence, was healthier than some of the reactions it provoked among adult members of society, in France and in other western countries too.

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A Cold Shoulder For the Poverty Program

JAMES K. BATTEN

NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA

DURING this state's Ku Klux Klan revival in the mid-1960's, the cow-pasture oratory usually included one standard line guaranteed to catch the mood of the milling crowds. It went like this: "The niggers got the NAACP, the Jews got the B'nai B'rith, the Catholics got the Knights of Columbus. What in the hell has the poor white man got but the Ku Klux Klan?"

In much of the rural South, one is tempted to concede, "Not very much." The great social programs launched by Washington in the last five years, while bringing new hope to thousands of Negroes, have frequently bypassed the poor whites. Nobody intended that result, of course, and Federal agencies like the Office of Economic Opportunity have worked hard to combat it. But often they have failed. Consequently, many Southern poor whites are, in one sense, even more deeply alienated today from the national mainstream than are their Negro neighbors. At least the civil-rights movement and the poverty program have buoyed the spirits of large segments of the South's Negro population. But poor whites have watched both developments with mounting hostility, convinced that nobody was leading any grand crusades for them.

Here in Craven County, set in the fertile agricultural heartland of eastern North Carolina, this pattern can be seen with great clarity. Craven in many ways is typical of the rural and small-town South where white and Negro poor live side by side in substantial numbers. Of Craven's poor families enumerated by the 1960 census, 2,772 were white and 2,360 were Negro.

Except for the huge Marine Corps base at Cherry Point, the county's economy has remained predominantly agricultural. New Bern (population 18,000), once the colonial capital of North Carolina and now an overnight stop for tourists following Route 17 along the coast, is the county seat and the principal town. The remainder of the county's 55,500 civilian residents are scattered through a few small towns and across the rural countryside.

Pride Misapplied

The war on poverty came to Craven County in late 1964. Within a year, Craven Operation Progress was being acclaimed by the OEO as one of the nation's most promising rural poverty programs. Part of this strong beginning was due to the agency's original sponsorship by the North Carolina Fund, created by the then Governor Terry Sanford in 1963 to help improve social conditions in the state. Another factor in the early success was the agency's first director, James J. Hearn, an aggressive young lawyer whose experience on Capitol Hill taught him how to wheedle money out of the Federal bureaucracy.

Today, more than three years later, Craven Operation Progress has given way to a successor, Coastal Progress, Inc., which brought neighboring Jones and Pamlico Counties into a joint enterprise with Craven. The tri-county program, now under a new director, James Godwin, is still regarded as one of OEO's best rural projects.

But for all its accomplishments, Coastal Progress, Inc., has failed in its attempts to reach the thousands of poor whites who need help almost as badly as do their poor Negro neighbors. Negroes have flocked in to take advantage of the new programs, but the whites have kept their sullen distance.

There are several reasons, including the whites' refusal to acknowledge their poverty and a stubborn pride that prevents them from seeking help. "I know a lot of white people who need help," one backwoods grocer explained, "but they feel embarrassed to ask for it. They've got too much pride. A person hates to say he's desperate, down and out." Director Godwin agreed: "They just don't see themselves as being in poverty, and yet some of them are so poor it's pathetic."

All this is undoubtedly important, but there is a more fundamental explanation for the whites' aloofness, and it has to do with racial prejudice. Most poor whites in Craven County shun the poverty program primarily because they regard it almost universally as "something for the niggers."

Godwin, an outgoing, hard-driving former insurance executive and a native of rural South Carolina, readily admits that racial feelings lie at the heart of the CPI's failure to reach poor whites. He observes gloomily that neither he nor anybody else, in Washington or elsewhere, knows how to solve the problem.

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Last summer, he recalled, two energetic community organizers, white natives of Craven County, were trained for the task of reaching the poor whites. They got nowhere. "These people were carefully selected from the poor themselves," Godwin told me, "and we trained them carefully. But after a while, both workers gave up and asked if they couldn't try something else." Craven's poor whites were simply not accepting CPI's ideas of community organization.

CPI's other programs have not fared much better. The Neighborhood Youth Corps in Craven County, for example, includes 104 Negroes and only twenty-two whites. The county's year-round Head Start program has twenty-nine Negro children and sixteen whites. In Jones County, only three of twenty-seven Head Start children are white; in Pamlico, only three of fifteen.

One of CPI's proudest successes has been a strawberry-marketing cooperative, through which low-income farmers under pressure from dwindling Federal tobacco allotments are able to add $1,000 to their farm profits by tending an acre of strawberries. But here again, Negroes have jumped in enthusiastically, while white farmers have hung back. Only eight of the co-op's seventy-six low-income farmers are white.

WHEN A VISITOR inquires about the reasons underlying the poor whites' virtual boycott of programs so potentially valuable to them, conversation quickly turns back to the early days of Craven Operation Progress in late 1964 and 1965. From all accounts, the poverty program was branded almost immediately by the white community as a program for Negroes. Larry Pate, a well-to-do farmer who was chairman of the original board of Craven Operation Progress, insists even now that the description was accurate. "It seems they're just trying to help the Negro," Pate told me. "They say that's not true, but it is true."

Pate and other prominent white people in Craven County tend to place part of the blame on James Hearn, the first director. Hearn, a New Yorker and a man of firm equalitarian views, was determined to run the new agency on a strictly nondiscriminatory basis. This came as a shock in a community where segregation remained the accepted social pattern. Local whites still talk in horrified tones of how Hearn "ordered" white and Negro staff members to lunch together in New Bern's restaurants.

Now on OEO's regional staff in Kansas City, Hearn insists that his policy was not to flout Craven's racial customs unnecessarily. "But people who work together as a staff have to be together all the way, they have to be Americans together." Hearn added that his own views were irrelevant, since OEO policies left little room for adjusting to Southern racial traditions.

Looking back, he concedes that in a setting like Craven County, the unapologetic practice of racial equality by a new social agency would almost automatically frighten away race-conscious poor whites. And so, perhaps inevitably, Craven Operation Progress, in the words of Larry Pate, "got to be known as a program for integration. And that reputation doesn't die very fast."

Hearn had hoped that men like Pate would use their influence to persuade Craven's poor whites to swallow their racial qualms and seek help from the poverty program. But few of them did. In fact, the suspicion and hostility of the conservative white middle class undoubtedly was a crucial ingredient in shaping the poor whites' own reluctance to participate. "People follow the thinking of their leaders, let's face it," one CPI staff member told me. "And the leaders here say it [the poverty program] encourages shiftlessness and the like." During the program's early days the slogan "I Fight Poverty, I Work," confined to bumper stickers in most parts of the country, blossomed on billboards in Craven County.

The example set by the white leadership was particularly important because in the rural South poor whites traditionally have prized their free-and-easy relationship with the white gentry. It has served to console them for their hardships and reinforce their pride in being white —and thus superior to "the niggers."

"The poor white man," one local politician explained, "can go into the restaurant and buy a cup of coffee and shoot the breeze with the big farmers. I know the largest tobacco farmer in Craven County, and his white tenants go out to his house and play gin rummy. They cuss him in public, they argue with him in public, and there's a certain genuine social equality here."

This status clearly is a valuable possession for a man who has little else. And he naturally is determined to avoid any behavior that might conceivably cast doubt on his standing as a right-thinking white man. In Craven County, many poor whites concluded that the quickest way to jeopardize that standing was to get involved with the poverty program.

Staying in Place

When OEO decreed that one-third of each local anti-poverty board must be representatives of the poor, Craven Operation Progress scoured the county to find a few suitable poor whites. One woman, a welfare client, was appointed because her caseworker detected in her a streak of native resourcefulness. But the woman never attended a meeting of the board. Asked why, she replied, "You want to know the truth? There were just too many colored people associated with it. I get along with colored people all right, but I don't want to rub elbows with 'em, you know? I want them to stay where they are and me stay where I am."

The same spirit was more vehemently reflected in a stocky, florid-faced man named Wyatt Holton, who runs a filling station a few miles east of New Bern across the Neuse River. Until a year ago, he was the Exalted Cyclops (president) of the Craven County Klavern of the Ku Klux Klan. Not long ago, Holton was thinking of opening a small wholesale and retail seafood business. He mentioned his need for a $5,000 loan to a member of the Craven Operation Progress board. Holton still bristles when he recalls the answer he got. "He referred me to Tom Wallace—he's a nigger from Greensboro. He wears Bermuda shorts and he's a damn wheel. [Wallace is CPI's deputy director.] I just knew I wasn't going over there and ask that nigger to help me. I wouldn't ask him, by God, if I had to crawl on my belly. If I couldn't get

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a white man that had enough interest to see into it for me, I just wouldn't have gone over there. There's never been a nigger good as I am, I tell you."

A few poor whites, of course, have overcome their misgivings and reluctantly sought help from the poverty program. Usually it has been a case of pride being overwhelmed by a desperate need for assistance. In a rented farmhouse near Vanceboro, a hotbed of Klan activity, a white mother hesitantly explained why she permitted her sixteen-year-old daughter to join the Neighborhood Youth Corps. The girl earns $12.50 a week by doing odd jobs at nearby Farm Life High School.

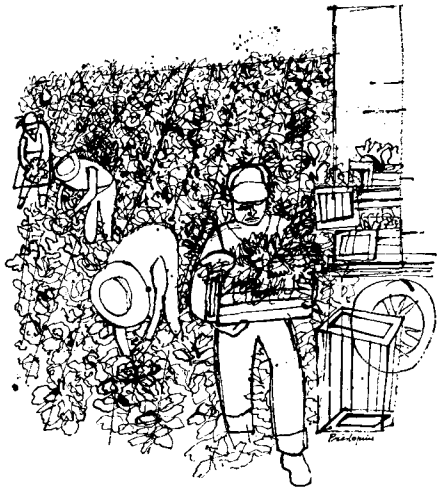
"I certainly don't want my children to chop and tie tobacco all their lives," she murmured, savoring a dip of snuff. "There ain't nothing in labor—fifty or sixty cents an hour. That ain't nothing." The conversation soon made it clear that the girl's income from the Neighborhood Youth Corps was helping her stay in school. A high-school diploma, in the girl's mind, was her only possible ticket out of her family's dreary world in Craven County. "She wants to be a secretary in a business office," her mother said. "She don't want to wind up in a sewing room like her sister did."

The woman was asked about her neighbors' reaction to the girl's involvement in the poverty program. "They hain't throwed off on me," she said. "I've always treated colored people right, but I've always been taught to go with my color. But if you're poor, you can't help that."

Poor whites who reason that way, however, remain a distinct minority. And because their overtures to whites are usually rebuffed, CPI staff members seem increasingly resigned to serving the Negroes who clamor for help and forgetting the seemingly unreachable poor whites. The new twenty-three-member CPI board is symptomatic of this outlook. Poor Negroes are well represented; poor whites have no representatives at all.

"We haven't knocked ourselves out, to tell you the truth," one Head Start official admitted when asked about attempts to recruit white children. "There are so many Negro kids who want to come." When a staff member in Pamlico County was pressed to discuss his efforts to reach poor whites, he shrugged apologetically. "Can I plead negligence?" he asked. "It's just hopeless."

The same resignation apparently has overtaken OEO headquarters in Washington. "They don't press us like they used to," one CPI administrator, a Negro, confided. "We tried so hard to satisfy them [on involvement of whites] that we were jeopardizing what we had here. It gave certain people in the Negro community the impression that we were trying harder to get whites than Negroes, and they felt that was dis-



crimination in reverse. We were in a pinch between D.C. and the local citizens."

The poor whites' aloofness, it should be noted, extends beyond the confines of the poverty program. Anything thought to carry any social or racial stigma is avoided whenever possible. Some Craven County welfare officials, for example, concede that some poor whites probably fail to claim benefits for fear of lowering themselves in the eyes of friends and neighbors.

At New Bern's three-year-old Craven Technical Institute, Director Thurman Brock complained that of about three hundred adults learning to read, write, and do arithmetic in a basic education program, only ten are white. Those ten are employed at Cherry Point and attend classes on the base. The Institute's more advanced classes in such subjects as electrical circuitry and blueprint reading are integrated without any problems. "The only white people whom integration scares off in Craven County," Brock said sadly, "are those in need of this basic education."

Rough Justice

The full implications of the poor whites' stubborn avoidance of programs designed to aid all the nation's poor can only be guessed at. But it is worth observing that poor white people, inside and outside the South, are prime carriers of the white racism regarded by the Kerner Commission as the root of the nation's racial troubles. Unless these people can be helped out of their own economic and psychological deprivation, then this particular source of racist sentiment will not be diminished. Indeed, as resentful poor whites watch their black neighbors partake of benefits they themselves refuse, their bitterness may become even deeper.

The only consolation is that in Negroes' acceptance and whites' rejection of the new governmental largesse, the result is an unintended equalizing of the benefits received by blacks and whites from the American economic and political system. Poor whites, unburdened by black skin, have had some opportunity to rise through the normal workings of the system, while Negroes generally have not. So in places like Craven County, the poverty program and similar government enterprises have given Negroes a compensatory boost.

As Godwin of CPI put it, "The exploitation of the poor whites has been the same, in some ways, as the exploitation of poor Negroes. But the poor whites have a hope of breaking out, while it's only very recently that any such spark has been kindled in the blacks. The poor white always got the road-grader job, while the Negro was assigned to dig ditches."

An executive of the North Carolina Fund agreed. It is too bad, he said, that poor whites are shunning the help they badly need. "But the Negroes," he pointed out, "still have a long way to go to get the same fruits of the system that poor whites have always gotten, just because they're white."

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Cleage's Alternative

WILLIAM SERRIN

DETROIT

"THERE'S no such thing as a moderate anymore," a leader of the Urban League of Detroit remarked recently in describing the mood of this city's Negroes. "It's militant and more militant."

The reasons are not hard to find. In the aftermath of last summer's riot, the most costly in American history, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh and Governor George Romney set up the New Detroit Committee (NDC) to guide reconstruction of the city and establish contact with its 660,000 Negroes. The NDC immediately placed its prestige behind three items: a statewide open-housing law, a $5.3-million Detroit schools appropriation, and a comprehensive study of the Detroit Police Department.

But not one of them has been implemented. NDC claims that it has found some 56,000 jobs, but only a few thousand of these were filled by the hard-core unemployed. Rubble from the riot has been cleared away and a $5.5-million rebuilding plan has been approved for Twelfth Street in the riot area, but scores of businesses remain closed and many that have reopened are completely walled in with cement blocks. Police Department efforts to prevent future riots—with the exception of an energetic recruiting campaign that raised applications by forty per cent—have consisted mostly in improving armaments and updating riot-control techniques. Two recently announced programs that do hold some promise are a $1.5-million project by the Archdiocese of Detroit to combat white racism and a $600,000 NDC program to help young Negroes this summer.

While all this has been going on in the white community, young Negroes and an increasing number of their elders have been listening to the militant message of the Reverend Albert B. Cleage, the fifty-six-year-old pastor of the Central United Church of Christ. Cleage is more than a dynamic spokesman for the Negroes. Already he has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars and is drawing up a broad plan that promises to give Detroit Negroes a share in the plenty of American life.

Cleage, a graduate of Wayne State University who has taken advanced studies at Oberlin and UCLA, is a cool, sensible, and well-organized militant. Although he preaches black separatism—which to most whites means violence—he says that "Violence for violence's sake just isn't smart." And he adds: "We have a fairly decent idea in Detroit of what we can do. Sure, the kids are going to act up, maybe, but unless we get to a place where we're not getting anywhere, Negroes aren't interested in burning the town down."

According to Cleage, what he is advocating—black control of the black community—is not revolutionary; it is merely an extension of the present structure. "The basic problem facing black people," he says, "is their powerlessness. There is no place in American society for powerless people. . . . Separation wasn't an accident; the whites obviously wanted it that way. I'm saying, 'Okay, that's the way it is, let's use it! It's our only weapon.' "

Separate and Self-Determined

When Mayor Cavanagh and Governor Romney formed the New Detroit Committee last year, they named department-store president Joseph L. Hudson, Jr., as chairman, and the members include many of Detroit's automobile magnates and business leaders and a cross-section of the white and black communities. Cleage, who had come more and more to the fore as a black-power spokesman and organizer in recent years, was purposely excluded because many white leaders and not a few Negro leaders considered him irresponsible and even dangerous.

But Cleage caught the ear of Henry Ford II, an NDC member. Ford was impressed by his argument that the city's traditional Negro leadership had been unable to secure real racial progress and new voices had to be listened to, and he evidently convinced Hudson that Cleage might be making sense with his talk of black separatism. In September, Hudson met privately with Cleage before announcing that he had been invited to work with the New Detroit Committee. Many whites chafed at Cleage's acceptance and so did the traditional Negro moderates led by the Reverend Roy Allen.

In January, after both militants and moderates had submitted requests to the NDC for funds for community renewal, the committee gave each an equal chance to implement their plans. It granted $100,000 to Cleage's Federation for Self-Determination and $100,000 to Allen's Detroit Council of Organizations. Allen accepted the money, but Cleage, at the urging of his militant young followers, turned it down, refusing to swallow an NDC proviso that a committee official must act as overseer. To Cleage and his group this meant that the committee lacked confidence in militant Negroes, that it did not accept black self-determination.

Cleage, who works as much as

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fifteen hours a day, now serves as chairman of two organizations: the City-Wide Citizens Action Committee and the Inner-City Organizing Committee. He has collected $120,000 in research and planning funds from Negro communities, and, in what could be a breakthrough, is scheduled to receive as much as $2 million from Operation Connection, a $10-million fund set up last winter by national Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish leaders to provide direct aid to Negro groups in six Northern cities. Cleage has become co-chairman of Operation Connection, along with the Right Reverend John E. Hines, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THROUGH his eight-month-old City-Wide Citizens Action Committee, Cleage has mapped out an ambitious program of more than twenty-five projects. They range from a chain of co-operative Negro markets (one is already set up) to a project for teaching Swahili in the Detroit public schools. They include a string of black-run service stations, employment agencies, slum-redevelopment organizations, and credit unions that eventually will use their assets to form black-run banks. He has set up a black-run company to manufacture African-style dresses and patterns and plans to organize Negro-run construction companies.

In the schools, Cleage calls not only for instruction in African languages but in Negro history and culture as well. Moreover, because Negro pupils are in the majority in the public schools, he is demanding that Negroes assume what he calls their rightful control and asks for greatly increased numbers of black teachers and administrators.

He has an impressive panel of people assisting him. He is in contact with a Negro architectural firm in New York and plans to call in top-flight professional economic advisers. Already working with him in Detroit are the Association of Black Social Workers, the Association of Black Teachers, an impressive team of Negro lawyers, and bright, tough-minded advisers like Dr. Karl Gregory, a Wayne State economist; Dan Aldridge, with the city's renewal program; and Rennie Freeman, a Saul Alinsky-trained militant who heads Detroit's West Central Organization.

Cleage has changed the name of his thousand-member Central United Church of Christ to the Shrine of the Black Madonna, after the thirty-foot painting that dominates his sanctuary. With the shrine as a base, Cleage hopes to form a nationwide confederation of Negro churches. Three have already come to the fold, and more than thirty are interested in joining.

Political control is also on Cleage's agenda. By late 1969, when Detroit will have another mayoralty election, Negroes will constitute more than half of the city's population. A serious Negro candidate is a certainty, whether Cavanagh stands for re-election or not. Cleage, who has been defeated in four previous tries for political office, obviously is thinking about running again.

The appeal of Cleage's program is perhaps best summed up by Norvell Harrington, a hard-working eighteen-year-old militant: "Cleage demands stuff with dignity; that's

why we follow him." Cleage himself says: "We're trying to bring about the birth of a nation within a nation. . . . It's not destructive. It's constructive, if whites don't try to tear it down."

Cleage believes that meaningful progress on his multimillion-dollar plans can be achieved within five years, providing whites do not landmine his route. According to Cleage's adviser Karl Gregory, the New Detroit Committee itself is a hindrance to black fund raising. "It's a new committee, all right," says Gregory, "but the same white power structure," and he adds that often after prospective donors check with Detroit's white establishment, funds become mysteriously unattainable.

Before Integration

"Action must come in the black ghetto," Cleage says, "because that is where the poverty and despair is. In terms of rebuilding, which New Detroit was charged to do, they failed; what they must do is recognize black self-determination if the ghetto is to be made livable, if blacks are to get pride and achieve their due. . . . Just allocating funds and trying to re-establish white control isn't going to rebuild anything. But they don't understand that."

Cleage is not dealing whites out of the fight to uplift Negroes. He is simply saying that Negroes must be permitted to do the work within the Negro community. To whites who want to give more than just financial help, he usually suggests going to the suburbs, where white conservatives dominate. "Get back out in that wilderness. Get kicked in the head, get tossed around. And do the same thing that black militants are trying to do: establish a power base."

Cleage points to the fact that Detroit's autos have changed the face of the world, that the city was the Arsenal of Democracy in the Second World War, and adds: "Black militants in every city in the nation are watching Detroit. If we can't make progress here, they will figure the white man is hopeless, because they all have less to work with than we do here." Having assumed leadership in Detroit, Cleage feels the responsibility to succeed. His success could set a pattern for black America, but if his constructive separatism does not succeed, the next step may well be militancy at its extreme: black warfare. Already some of his young followers are leaving Cleage because he is not prepared for that step. As a result, the Federation for Self-Determination has been disbanded.

AS FOR the dream of integration, Cleage says it is simply impossible, now and in the foreseeable future. "You can't integrate power and powerlessness," he says. If integration is ever to come about, it can only be after Negroes achieve political and economic equality with whites. "That's the only way it can happen."

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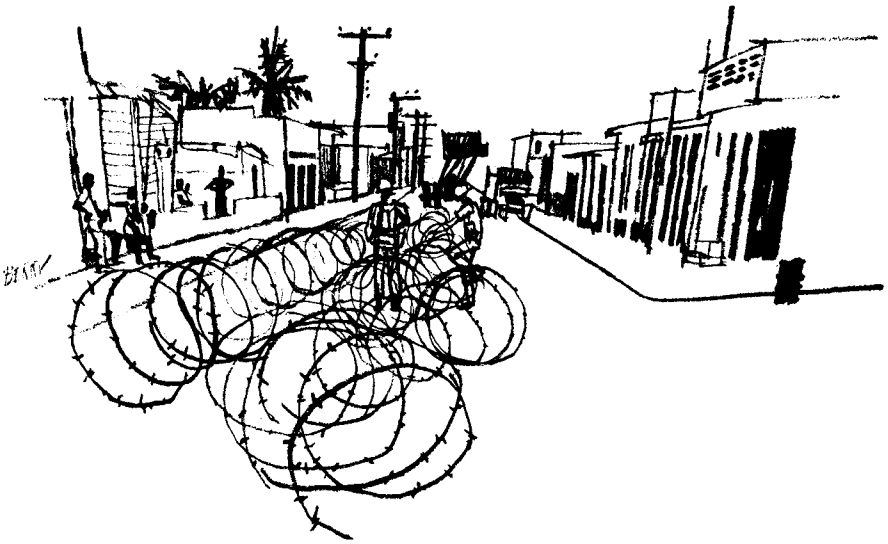

SOS for the OAS

GEORGE W. GRAYSON

THE STUDY of Latin-American affairs has replaced economics as the dismal science. The Alliance for Progress has produced neither allies nor progress: last year's increase in gross national product for recipient nations fell far below the break-even 2.5 per cent goal of the Punta del Este charter. Economic integration creeps along in a confusion of cant and escape clauses. The more advanced nations stock up on Hawker Hunter jets, Mirage V fighter-bombers, and AMX30 tanks, while needed roads, schools, and houses remain unbuilt. Rebels have opened a new front in Guatemala; a pre-election dispute rages in Panama; and even the "Democratic Left" governments of Chile and Venezuela, once declared the great hope for the Americas, are riven by intraparty fighting. Recent successes—Central American integration, expanded regional trade, and fiscal reforms—have benefited only a small fraction of the area's population. This general malaise extends to the Organization of American States (OAS), the principal instrument of the Inter-American System and in many ways a microcosm of hemispheric problems.

The Organization, an outgrowth of the Pan American Union, was founded in 1948 as a regional United Nations agency to assure peace, justice, territorial integrity, and sovereignty for its members. Its charter created entities to obtain these goals: an Inter-American Conference was to fix policy guidelines; the Foreign Ministers could consult in the event of security breaches; and the OAS Council, with headquarters in the building of the old Pan American Union in Washington, would provide a forum where specially appointed ambassadors could debate hemispheric problems.

The OAS has made some achievements in settling quarrels, in cultural and social affairs, and in terminating conflicts among Caribbean and Central American nations. Nonetheless, it has been hobbled by a combination of interrelated difficulties—shrill nationalism, U.S. domination, inept administration, and timid leadership. John Gunther described it well: "The OAS is a wind tunnel, open at both ends and full of chinks, through which words whir." His assessment is supported by the fact that most of the major Latin-American programs—the Alliance for Progress, the Central American Common Market, the 1967 denuclearization treaty—were created outside the Organization's structure.

Many of the perennial problems of the OAS boiled up during the recent prolonged election of its Secretary-General. This post bears little resemblance to its United Nations counterpart, being confined largely to administrative chores. Still it carries with it a certain amount of prestige, a tax-free $32,000 annual stipend, a ten-year term, and supervision of a body which, despite its flaws, is still the major international agency of the Americas. Consequently, as the day of the election last November approached, five candidates came forward to replace the incumbent Secretary-General, José A. Mora of Uruguay, whose term ends on May 18.

The Candidates

The first of these was Eduardo Ritter Aislán, Panama's OAS ambassador, who had assumed the role of champion of the small Central American and Caribbean nations in their resentment against the domination of the OAS by the large and wealthy states. The second candidate was Marcos Falcón Briceño, former Foreign Minister of Venezuela and the architect of the Betancourt Doctrine, by which his country refuses to recognize governments that have captured power undemocratically. The President of Venezuela called Falcón's candidacy an effort "to restore the trust and faith of the continent" in the Organization, but his record made him automatically persona non grata for Argentina, Brazil, and other military régimes. Bolivia and Argentina offered favorite sons, Walter Guevara Arze and Carlos Muñiz.

Galo Plaza Lasso of Ecuador, the last to enter the race, is the son of a President and himself a former President. He was born in the United States and studied at American universities, where he was a football star. He later served as his country's ambassador to the United States. The announcement of his candidacy for Secretary-General of the OAS, although it came from the Ecuadorian embassy in Washington, followed a round robin of talks with Senators, Representatives, and administration officials, and culminated in a conference with Secretary Rusk.

Though Plaza had demonstrated his independence—as a U.N. mediator he strongly condemned the United States for landing Marines

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in Lebanon in 1958—he was immediately labeled "Washington's man." Radio Mia in Panama asserted that Uncle Sam was "interfering openly" in the election, thereby "giving us an example of continental solidarity by trying to impose the candidacy of Galo Plaza over that of our compatriot, Ritter Aislán." (This statement conveniently ignored the fact that the United States would have embraced Ritter had it wanted a real puppet, because of his country's dependent status.) But an immediate endorsement from the U.S. ambassador to the OAS, Sol M. Linowitz, added fuel for the accusation that occurs regardless of whom the United States supports.

A stalemate developed on November 17 when no one mustered the required two-thirds majority of the Council on the first ballot. (A simple majority of twelve was in effect after the second vote.) Though the two favorite sons dropped out, four ballots passed without breaking the deadlock. By the end of November the tally stood thus: Ritter, ten votes; Plaza, six; Falcón, five; and one abstention (Mexico). Predictably the small states aligned with Ritter; the large ones—the United States, Brazil, and Argentina—threw their weight behind Plaza; and Venezuela, its neighbors, and Chile backed Falcón.

The failure of Plaza's candidacy stunned State Department officials, who eyed Ritter's growing strength with alarm. Still, not a single charge of pressure tactics was leveled at the American delegation. This restraint sharply contrasted with past performances: in 1962, for example, funds to enlarge an airport in Port-au-Prince were promised President Duvalier when Haiti's support was needed to exclude the Castro régime from the OAS. Fearful that their initial enthusiasm had hurt Plaza's chances, Linowitz and Alternate Ambassador Ben S. Stephansky reverted to quiet diplomacy, carefully making the rounds of their colleagues to emphasize Plaza's qualities.

AFTER the fourth ballot on November 29, the explosion of a scandal involving Luis Raúl Betances, a Dominican national employed by the OAS, affected the outcome of the election.

Reputedly because of sponsorship by Secretary-General Mora's wife—her hand "lies heavy on the OAS secretariat," according to deLesseps S. Morrison, former U. S. ambassador to the Organization—Betances had risen rapidly in the OAS bureaucracy to become Director of the Department of Administrative Affairs. His critics allege that he used his post to secure jobs for cronies, promote *amigos,* and curry favor with influential Latinocrats. His boss, an easy-going diplomat who seldom involved himself in administrative matters, had permitted Betances to sponge up power and even threatened to resign when the United States challenged Betances' appointment. According to Pan American Union sources, in order to gain "closer control of fiscal matters" Betances had gotten Lawrence W. Acker of the United States shifted from his post as Director of Financial Services. Several OAS ambassadors told me that upon arriving in Washington, they were informed that Betances was the man to consult should they wish to obtain appointments for friends.

Betances viewed Ritter's election as imperative for the security of his empire. In 1966 Ritter had persuaded Mora to waive a Pan American Union rule against decorations for employees to enable Betances to receive a medal from the government of Panama. During the early stages of the campaign for Secretary-General, Betances lobbied intensively for his benefactor, egged on by Cuban exiles, who, except for Americans, hold more OAS posts than any other nationality. Because Ritter had made demagogic speeches to refugee groups in Miami, the Cubans felt—quite unrealistically—that he would recognize a Cuban-exile ambassador to the Organization.

Then Betances overplayed his hand. He tried to force the Dominican ambassador to shift his vote from Falcón to Ritter, a move that would have decided the election on the fourth ballot, since Mexico had implied that it would support the first candidate to obtain eleven votes. Through an emissary, Betances threatened political reprisals in Santo Domingo and the loss of his post if the ambassador failed to switch. Exposure of this pressure forced Mora to cashier his aide without a hearing. He has since been named an ambassador to the United Nations by the Dominican Republic.

The Need to Clean House

While the election still hung fire, further scandals came to light. Approximately $80,000 in Argentine currency destined for the OAS vanished from a branch office in Buenos Aires; a local employee confessed to writing bad checks on an overdrawn Organization account in Costa Rica; and a question mark hung over the use of a $1-million technical-assistance fund in the Dominican Republic. (Expenditures included the purchase of pastel-hued bidets for luxury housing.) The latter was the residue of an AID grant, administered by the OAS, made in the aftermath of the 1965 crisis.

Mora acted quickly in the face of these charges, dismissing an official in the Argentine office and transferring the Costa Rican functionary. (The State Department turned up no evidence of outright malfeasance in the Dominican Republic in connection with the AID fund.) He announced that the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse was examining the books, and that a group of United States experts had initiated "a study and evaluation of the internal organization and the administrative and financial procedures" of the OAS. A five-man, five-country investigating team has been appointed. In the U.S. Congress, Representative Armistead I. Selden, Jr.'s, Inter-American Affairs subcommittee has begun to probe the matter in two executive sessions. Apparently Selden, who is now engaged in a Senate race in Alabama, has decided to delay a report until the new Secretary-General has a chance to start "housecleaning."

If and when such a study appears, it will undoubtedly make reference

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to OAS funding. Though the Organization now refuses to release figures, a document published in 1966 showed that more than a dozen members were in arrears in dues totaling $8.8 million. The financial office attributes the delinquencies to variations in national accounting systems. Yet in some cases payments were seven years overdue.

EARLY THIS YEAR, Ritter launched a last-ditch effort to win the Secretary-Generalship. He warned the Council of a "sinister intrigue" directed against him and the Central American and Caribbean countries. The putative conspiracy sprang, he said, from a "Nazi way of thinking" which asserted that the "mestizo peoples . . . have no right to the equality of states that is the basis of the regional system." He named the New York *Times* as an advocate of this racism and implied that the big powers of the hemisphere were also guilty.

Though calculated to win over several wavering small states, Ritter's invective alienated his supporters. When balloting began anew on February 12, he was no longer a contender. A compromise had been hammered out: the small nations threw their support to Plaza in return for having one of their own—El Salvador's Miguel Rafael Urquía—elected Assistant Secretary-General, a post held by the United States since the inception of the OAS. Informal agreement was also reached on the establishment of a new office, Assistant Secretary for Administration. This position, to which an American would presumably be named, will include among its functions the duties formerly carried out by Betances.

Despite Plaza's many personal attainments, the gentleman-farmer-turned-diplomat will encounter serious difficulties upon assuming office. To begin with, he does not represent the so-called "new forces" of the Americas. A graying, conservative *hacendado*, he stands for gradualism and evolution in a continent that rushes headlong toward violence and revolution. His "made in U.S.A." label, whether deserved or not, is cited by detractors as evidence that he represents the powerful of the hemisphere.

Plaza's admirers insist that his intimate knowledge of the United States and the Americas will enable him to operate more effectively in Washington than his predecessor did. And his efficiency as an administrator is undisputed. But if the OAS is to assume a meaningful role, it must grasp the nettle of social and economic development—an area in which Plaza has yet to prove himself.

Proposed changes in the charter are scheduled to expand the Organ-

ization's formal powers in the social and economic field by 1970; the broad principles of the Alliance for Progress will be incorporated in the charter; the Committee for the Alliance for Progress will be linked to the Inter-American System; a Council for Education, Science, and Culture will be created; and the OAS budget for economic advancement will expand rapidly. The Secretary-General could conceivably become a manager for development with resources in hand.

Plaza will find the OAS an administrative nightmare. It was founded twenty years ago with a budget of $2 million and a staff of 171. Since then the budget has swollen eightfold and a *latino* version of Parkinson's Law has increased the number of employees to 1,182 in twenty offices on three continents. In Washington, where red tape is a way of life, the "come back tomorrow" bureaucracy of the Organization is legendary.

The new Secretary-General will also face the "Johnson Doctrine," which places the United States on record against the "establishment of another Communist government in the Western Hemisphere." Although hardly the Organization of American Colonies, as the Cuban Foreign Minister sardonically called it, the OAS still stands in the shadow of the State Department. When it is a matter of observing elections, providing scholarships, or damping quarrels between neighbors (such as the current Bolivia-Chile dispute over revolutionaries), the United States will rely heavily on the Organization's machinery. Most Latin-American diplomats agree, however, that should a suspected Communist menace arise—in Haiti or Guatemala, for example—the Marines could be dispatched without OAS approval. Others, including the Uruguayan and Brazilian ambassadors, contend that the United States learned from the Santo Domingo experience that it should utilize the Organization more fully. Plaza's sharp criticism of the 1965 Dominican intervention suggests that the new chief will resist letting the OAS function as a handmaiden of U.S. policy. And thus far Ambassador Linowitz, a rare combination of corporate executive, P.R. man, and liberal, has shown sensitivity to the Latin Americans' concern over intervention in their affairs.

THOUGH it is a veteran among international organizations, the OAS is one of the weakest. And since the days of Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia—who was criticized by member countries for his dynamism—it has lacked vigorous leadership. Latin America has produced few statesmen of stature in recent years, and it is doubtful whether even a forceful personality, lacking a national power base, can impose firm direction on the body. Plaza made it clear that the OAS should become "strong, dynamic, creative." Yet, is it realistic to assume that any organization embracing twenty-three nations—with leaders ranging from democrats like Frei in Chile to strong men like Somoza in Nicaragua and medicine men like Duvalier in Haiti, with high mass consumption juxtaposed against abject impoverishment—can reach accord on the bases for interstate co-operation?

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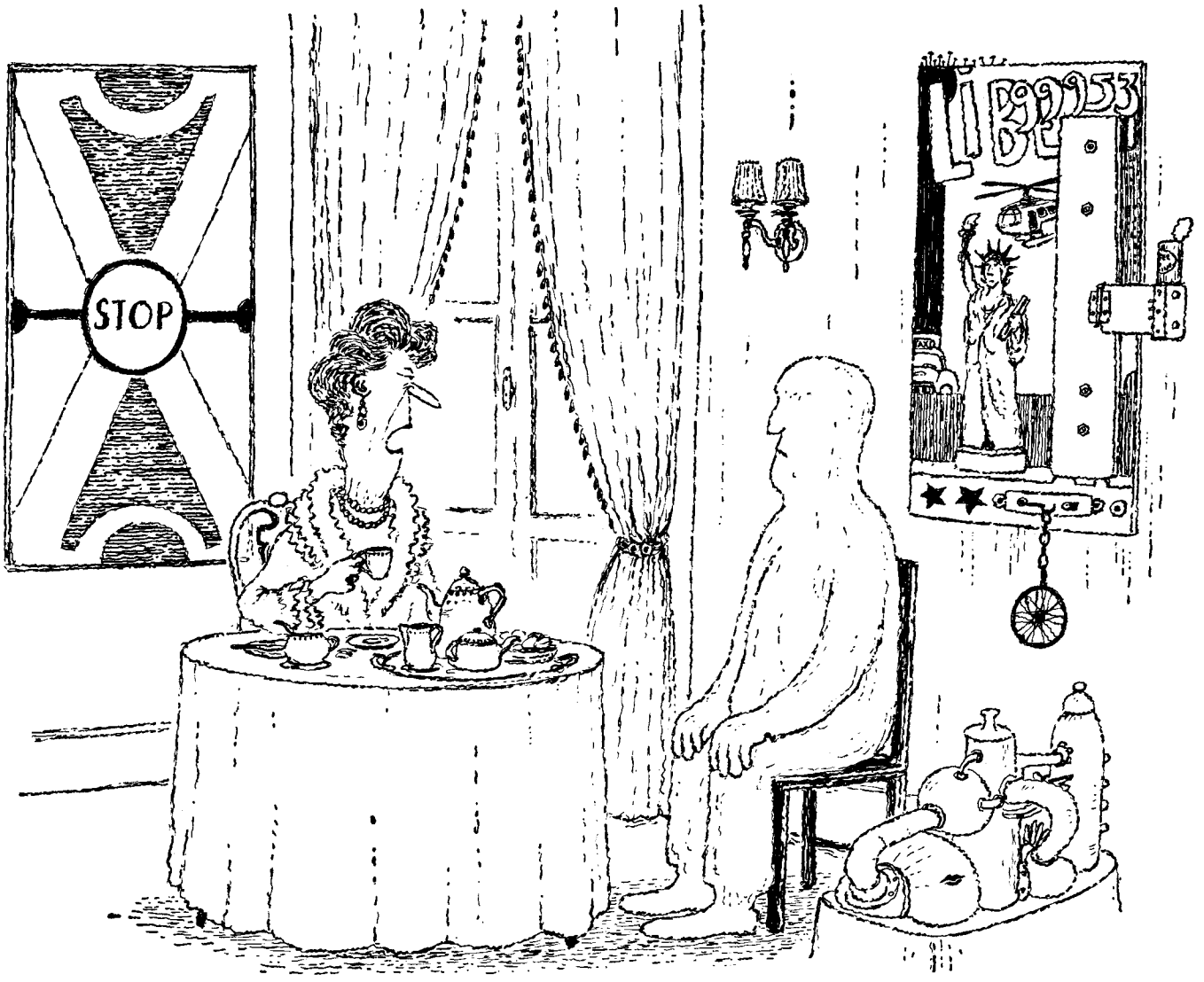

By Fernando Krahn

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The Werewolf And the Cowboy's Baby

SOL BIDERMAN

IN THE DAYS before electricity, television, and the transistor radio came to the Brazilian Northeast, troubadours wandered from fair to fair singing in stanzas of six, seven, and ten lines of how a little girl lost in a forest received succor from St. Francis or of how Padre Cícero, the charismatic priest of Juàzeiro, Ceará, cured the lepers, the lame, and the blind. A plague of grasshoppers, a flood of the Capiberibe River, a holdup or wreck on the Great Western Railroad (built by the British), the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, the epopoeia of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers of France, the ambush of the bandit Lampeao and his beloved Maria Bonita, the suicide of Brazilian President Getúlio Vargas in 1954, are among the thousands of themes that have been published in pamphlets and sung throughout the *sertão* (the dry backlands) and the seacoast in a multitude of rhythms unique to the Northeast. Their names are as poetic as the meters themselves; the hammer, the gallop, the hammer gallop, the gallop on the shore of the sea.

Today only an extraordinary event or a subsidy from a political candidate will lead a publisher to risk rolling off thousands of pamphlets on his antique presses. One such event electrified all Brazil two years ago: a cowboy in Alagôas had given birth to a baby. When specialists rushed to the site, what they found was that the cowboy José was really the cowgirl Joana. Her mother had raised her as a boy and dressed her in male clothing because, among other reasons, women working in Alagôas earn only five hundred old cruzeiros (eighteen cents) a day, half of what the men are paid.

THE TITLES of some old tales exemplify the fantastic imagination of the *sertanejo*. The Werewolf of Ceará, the Banquet of the Dogs, the Meeting of the Bandit Lampeao with the Negress Who Had One Breast, the Woman Who Asked the Devil for a Baby, the Wedding and Divorce of the Lizard, the Marriage of the Goat and the Fox, the Great Battle in the Animal Kingdom. This last takes place long ago, in the age when animals could talk:

> "The goat shaved his beard,
> The potato had a pit,
> The fox raised a chick
> Till it turned rooster or hen,
> The crab walked to town
> With a tie round its neck."

Two types of hero appear: the *cangaceiro* (bandit), such as Lampeao or his precursor, Antônio Silvino; and the *pícaro*, the sly trickster modeled after the popular Spanish folk character Lazarillo de Tormes. His Northeast Brazilian counterpart is an undernourished comic character, often called João Grilo (Johnny Cricket) or *amarelo* (yellow) for his sickly complexion, who contrived to outfox the wealthy and the powerful, the poor man's consolation in literature for never winning in life.

The *sertanejo* would accept the metamorphosis into an insect of the clerk in Kafka's tale with a credulity impossible among modern minds: it is a moral judgment against the dehumanization of the clerk's life. The Northeast is full of stories of humans transformed into animals as punishment for violating the local moral code: the Girl Who Turned into a Snake Because She Spoke Against Padre Cícero, the Girl Who Turned into a Bitch Because She Beat Her Mother on Good Friday, the Protestant Who Turned into a Goat for Blaspheming the Catholic Church.

The writer in the Brazilian Northeast enjoys a distinct advantage over his counterpart in the more industrialized regions of the south. He has at his command the poetic language of the peasant, who, having been sealed off from the rest of the nation by lack of roads and communication, maintains alive the tales and traditions of the Portuguese, Indian, and African cultures. Perhaps for this reason, the Northeast, like Ireland in English letters, has provided a disproportionate contribution to Brazilian literature: Jorge Amado, João Guimães Rosa, João Cabral de Melo Neto, Ariano Suassuna, José Lins de Rêgo, Raquel de Queiroz, Graciliano Ramos, Días Gomes, to mention a few. The late Guimães Rosa, a member of the diplomatic corps in Rio and author of *Devil to Pay in the Backlands*, never failed to take detailed notes of the common speech of the backwoodsman whenever he returned to his beloved *sertão*.

The cultural distance between the big cities and the backlands can best be seen in *O Pagador de Promessas* ("The Payer of Promises"), by Días Gomes, a play that was adapted to the screen and won the Cannes Film Festival award in 1962. Its hero, Zé de Burro, carries an enormous cross on his shoulders forty-two kilometers to the church of Santa Barbara in Salvador, Bahia, as payment of a

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promise made to the saint who had heeded his prayers and cured his burro after it was injured by lightning. Zé lives in a world of myth and magic in which he fails to recognize a fundamental difference between the realm of man and the realm of animals and plants. The burro is his best friend and companion, and when it recovers, nothing can prevent Zé from fulfilling the promise he made to Santa Barbara, or Iansan, the African deity of lightning worshiped by the syncretist cults of Bahia.

Gomes shows the effect of this backwoodsman on the Brazilian of the city. A journalist interprets Zé's forty-two-kilometer march as a sporting "record," and labels as "agrarian reform" Zé's intention to divide up his plot of land to keep his promise to Santa Barbara-Iansan. A bar owner finds him good for business because of the crowds he attracts. To the police, he is an agitator stirring up the poor; to the Church, a pagan profaning Santa Barbara by associating her with African *macumba*. To the poor of Bahia he is a messianic figure capable of performing miracles. After the priest prevents him from entering the church with his cross and the police kill him as an agitator, the poor tie his body to the cross and, breaking down the door of the church, lay the cross before the altar of Santa Barbara, thus fulfilling Zé's promise.

THE MESSIANIC IDEA has deep roots in the imagination of the Northeast, where the masses dream of a prophetic leader who will free them from centuries of poverty and oppression. For three centuries, priests took advantage of this longing and, instead of promoting any movement to better the lot of the *sertanejo*, terrified the poor in sermons charged with apocalyptic threats, describing the manifold terrors of hell for sinners at the end of the world.

Portuguese priests spread messianic legends of the return of Dom Sebastian, who had disappeared in 1578 in a battle against the infidel Moors at Alcazarquivir, Morocco. Some two and a half centuries later, groups of Sebastianists in the Northeast banded together at Monte Rodeador and Pedra Bonita to hasten the second coming of Dom Sebastian. Twenty-seven children and adults, plus two dogs which, it was feared, might turn into dragons, were immolated at the base of Pedra Bonita to free Dom Sebastian, supposedly imprisoned in the rock.

In 1897, a Sebastianist named Antonio Conselheiro (Counselor) attracted thousands of followers in his wanderings through the *sertão*. After the Brazilian Empire was overthrown and the Republic established in 1889, Conselheiro and his followers set up their own Sebastianist empire at Canudos, in the *sertão* of Bahia. He preached the imminent end of the world in sermons rich with imagery:

"In 1896 a thousand flocks shall flee from the seacoast to the *sertão*. Then the *sertão* shall become the seacoast, and the seacoast the *sertão*.

"In 1897, there shall be many pastures but few tracks, one shepherd and one flock.

"In 1898 there shall be many hats but few heads.

"In 1899 the waters shall turn to blood. . . .

"A great rain of stars shall fall and that shall signal the end of the world. In 1900 the lights shall be turned out. . . . "

Canudos was destroyed after a fierce battle with troops of the new republic in 1897 during which more than five thousand *sertanejos* and soldiers were killed or wounded. Conselheiro's head was fixed on a lance, like an olive on a toothpick, and brought to Salvador, where it was received with wild rejoicing by the populace.

When Canudos fell, many mystics journeyed northward to Juàzeiro, Ceará, where Padre Cícero attracted a following of thousands. Padre Cícero has been described as a paranoiac, mythomaniacal, megalomaniacal mystagogue. But to his followers he was "one of the members of the Holy Trinity" and a worker of many miracles.

The miracle that launched him was the miracle of the "blessed" Maria de Araujo, who on June 11, 1890, after receiving the consecrated wafer from the hand of Padre Cícero, fell to the ground in a nervous fit in the chapel of Nossa Senhora das Dôres. Bystanders who rushed to her aid observed that the wafer had turned red in her mouth. Troubadours wandering throughout the *sertão* began proclaiming that the substance was nothing less than the blood of Christ, although one member of the church committee investigating the miracle suggested that Maria de Araujo suffered from bleeding gums. More recently, Padre Gomes of Crato, Ceará, proposed that Maria had performed at communion the litmus-paper experiment known to every high-school chemistry student.

NONETHELESS, the event brought swarms of pilgrims of Juàzeiro. The hamlet grew from a few hundred souls to a city of fifty thousand by 1934, the year of the Padre Cícero's death. As for Padre Cícero, although the Bishop of Ceará withdrew his orders, he journeyed to Rome and, after days of fasting and penitence, convinced the Vatican of his piety. His orders were reinstated, though he was not allowed to perform the functions of priest.

The Padre possessed a vast intelligence service in the *sertão*. A telegraph operator would show him a telegram addressed to a certain person announcing the death of a relative. Padre Cícero would then summon the person to his home and proclaim, in a voice heavy with oracular intonations, the imminent death of the relative. His agents along the roads learned the names of the pilgrims in each caravan and the events of their journey. When the pilgrims arrived and were granted an audience and had kissed the Padre's feet, he would call off their names and relate in detail the incidents that had befallen them on their way.

The Brazilian folklorist Luis de Câmara Cascudo once visited the Padre at his home, where a group of people were gathered in the parlor talking of everyday matters. The Padre remained silent, his eyes remote. Suddenly he interrupted the conversation with a hysterical laugh. "Ho ho ho!" he cried, "I'm watching a swordfish fight with a whale."

Días Gomes characterizes Padre Cícero in a grotesque and comic light in his play *A Revolução dos Beatos* ("The Revolution of the 'Blessed' "). In the first scene a map of the State of Ceará, showing only the city of Juàzeiro, hangs on the wall. In one

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corner of the map is the following legend:

JUAZEIRO

Population	20,000
Miracles	1,302
Schools	2
Children without schools	94%

"I don't see any reason for building more schools in Juàzeiro when the two that exist aren't even full," Padre Cícero says in the play. An old woman replies, "Schools, schools. . . . why don't they talk of building churches?" The Padre adds, "That's just what I think. People don't need so many schools to reach God."

TODAY, thirty-four years after his death, Padre Cícero is still big business. On the twentieth of each month, the city wears mourning in commemoration of his death on September 20, 1934. Between fifty thousand and seventy thousand pilgrims swarm to Juàzeiro every year, especially on All Souls' Day, November 2. They journey in the back of trucks, fifty or sixty to a vehicle, for hundreds of miles to pay homage to their "godfather." For housing, they pay 1,000 old cruzeiros (thirty-seven cents) a head for a three-day sojourn, some fifty pilgrims stuffed in each house, ten to a room. I asked one homeowner, "But don't you think that fifty people to a house is a bit too much?" "Oh, no," he replied. "They're used to it."

The ill and lame still pray to Padre Cícero for a cure. Those who recover commission wooden carvings that represent the diseased part of the body and offer the image, *ex voto*, to Padre Cícero in gratitude. There is a house of ex-votos to Padre Cícero stuffed with wooden replicas of eyes, ears, noses, hands, arms, legs, breasts, hearts, bladders, intestines, and esophagi. It is guarded by three old crones who watch closely to see that no tourists try to walk off with a souvenir.

Bom Jesus da Lapa (Bahia), Nosso Senhor do Bomfim (Salvador, Bahia), and São Francisco de Canindé (Ceará) are other shrines that receive thousands of ex-votos yearly, so many that priests burn them in bonfires to make room. They prefer wax ex-votos, which can be melted down and sold as candles.

Padre Cícero not only performed cures; he knew the whereabouts of beasts, just as the Prophet Samuel knew the hiding place of Saul's asses. Padre Cícero's power of prophetic vision can be seen from the following dialogue with a *sertanejo* who lost his burro:

"PADRE: Where do you live?
SERTANEJO: In Crato, Padre.
PADRE: Where were you going with the burro?
SERTANEJO: To Barbalha, Padre.
PADRE: Then look for your burro between Crato and Barbalha."

The religious fanaticism of the Northeast is not always picturesque. Some five years ago an outbreak of human sacrifice occurred on the Fazenda Santa Tereza, near Barbalha in the Cariri Valley. As described by Professor J. de Figueiredo Filho of

Crato, Ceará, a self-styled João Batista (John the Baptist), who claimed to be the reincarnation of Padre Cícero and the precursor of the new messiah, Dom Sebastian, performed marriages and baptismal rites and preached to the ignorant peasants that the era of the Johns was at hand. João Batista cited President John Kennedy, Pope John XXIII, and João Goulart, all then in power, and, of course, himself. Gathering his followers about him in a circle in an open field and preaching the coming end of time and the redemption of all sinners through the expiation of fire, he induced a poor farmer and his wife to offer up their child in sacrifice. The faithful looked on as the child was thrown into a raging bonfire and the mother, in a fit of repentance, threw herself after it in a vain effort to save it. João Batista is now in jail in Barbalha, where his followers pay him homage and offer gifts of food and money.

CERTAIN NAMES are charged with magic power for the *sertanejo*. By giving his dog the name of a fish he believes he can ward off rabies, since its primary symptom is a marked aversion to water. If a snake wriggles across his path he never cries out "a snake!" for fear the serpent, on hearing the word, will discover its true nature for the first time and bite him. For the same reason, cancer is called the "*doença ruim*," the "bad disease"; and such nicknames as dog, butterfly, pig, bat, goat, imp, scab, bandy-legged dog, cinnamon, gelding, and fly are employed to avoid summoning forth the Devil. The Devil not only plays an important part in apocalyptic imagery but used to enjoy an active role in politics as well. Party bosses would hire balladeers to compose verses in which the Devil counseled the people to vote for the opposition party. In one verse, the Devil called on the people to vote for Luis Carlos Prestes, leader of the Brazilian Communist Party.

Until recently, the troubadour was an active figure in Northeastern politics. Each party had its own band of balladeers and doled out money for verses that praised its candidate, just as a royal treasury of old distributed sinecures to poets who wrote stanzas that extolled the beauty, courage, honor, wisdom, and justice of the king. In 1914, one ballad glorified the successful rebellion that Padre Cícero led against Franco Rabelo, political leader of the State of Ceará. In 1954, a pamphlet echoed the sorrow and consternation of the masses when President Getúlio Vargas committed suicide to prevent the military from taking over the government. Another ballad complained of the excessive expense of purchasing an aircraft carrier during the presidency of Juscelino Kubitschek. In 1961 a poem attacked Kennedy for America's role in the Bay of Pigs invasion. Still another in 1963 reflected the deep sorrow of the Bra-

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zilian people when they learned of his assassination.

During the administrations of Kubitschek, Jânio Quadros, and João Goulart, balladeers were generally free to sing what they wanted. Several poems against the United States were widely circulated in the Northeast. One ballad, in praise of Fidel Castro, went like this:

"Fidel Castro, the brave
And valiant nationalist,
Freed the Cuban people
From the claws of the imperialist
And liberated his nation
From Fulgencio Batista."

Another ballad thanked the people of Fortaleza for showing solidarity with the working class by not riding busses during a municipal transport strike. But today all pamphlets considered "subversive" have been suppressed.

Though the ballads have suffered a serious drop in circulation, the government of Castelo Branco considered one verse pamphlet critical of his régime dangerous enough to have it suppressed and its author and editor jailed in Fortaleza in 1966. But the decline of the troubadour industry cannot be directly attributed to the censorship of the fiercely anti-Communist military government. Many of the balladeers are more anti-Communist than the government itself. The troubadours preserve archaic poetic genres (some of which date to medieval Provence) and archaic political ideas: Communism is the Antichrist and the *Besta Fera*, the apocalyptic beast that is to herald the End of the Days.

The ballad industry in the Northeast is on its last legs. Not even the occasional injection of funds for political poems at election time can save it. The public is buying comic books, watching TV, gluing its ear to transistor radios, but it buys no more pamphlets. The *sertanejo* no longer lives in the isolated world that generated his folklore: the world of apocalyptic terror, of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers of France, a world where the name of the Devil is charged with demonic power. Scholars come from distant parts to study the ballads as the last vestige of folk literature—but no one has made any effort to prevent their demise.

V for Veracity

GERALD WEALES

Rolf Hochhuth has followed *The Deputy* with *Soldiers*, another pseudo-historical play about guilt and responsibility for war, its methods, and its consequences. Like *The Deputy*, in which the playwright used the figure of Pope Pius XII to examine silence as complicity in the Nazis' mass murder of the Jews, *Soldiers* takes an almost mythic figure—Churchill, this time—and casts him as the protagonist in a debate-drama about the soldier's lot. The question that obsesses Hochhuth and the play is, at what point does the soldier become a murderer?

The fictional character in relation to whom the presumably historical drama takes place—the equivalent of the anguished priest in *The Deputy*—is Dorland, a theatrical director, who flew with the Bomber Command in the Second World War. Unlike the priest in the earlier play, who tried to act in the historical situation, Dorland has a retrospective concern. Having bombed Dresden and gone down over the city, thus seeing his victims up close, Dorland is haunted by images of death—the people he killed and his own impending death, presumably of cancer. In part to atone for the guilt he faces, still more to persuade the world that something must be done to limit air war, he is putting on a play in the ruins of Coventry. It turns out to be the backstage glimpse of Churchill that constitutes most of *Soldiers*.

The version of *Soldiers* at the Billy Rose Theatre is simply a skeleton of Hochhuth's play. The dramatist works at such length that he can only be performed after much cutting; in the full text version, published by Grove last month, much of the dialogue is in brackets, the playwright's own indication of "the minimal cuts" necessary before performance. Although Hochhuth has a vivid sense of the visual possibilities of the stage and although his work is in dialogue, he does not organize like a playwright. It is the ideas rather than the drama that control his work. For this reason, he gives his characters long, argumentative speeches, full of quotation and documentation, that he knows will be cut away when they step on stage; he writes extensive stage directions—which are, in fact, thumbnail historical and biographical sketches—that I find more interesting than what the characters have to say.

Anyone who sets out to stage Hochhuth's work must create his own play. In the Broadway version of *Soldiers*, for instance, there is not simply cutting but minor additions, lines to go with invented business, presumably to make the opening of the play less obviously a debate and a lesson. In fact, the whole prologue-epilogue involving Dorland and his concerns are cut so stringently that the contemporary relevance of the historical story exists now only in a few sentences and by implication. That is not necessarily a bad thing; I mention it only because it is the acted play that I shall be talking about.

On the most obvious level, the Churchill we get in *Soldiers* is the man, idiosyncratic, spoiled, likably explosive, but the play is not intended as an intimate look at greatness undressed. A contrast between private man and public man is made, but it has to do with the two policy decisions with which the play is primarily concerned. Churchill's enthusiastic acceptance of Lord Cherwell's plan to fire-bomb German cities is contrasted to his reluctant agreement that General Sikorski, the head of the Polish government in exile and a bone of contention with Stalin, must die. In the end, he accepts the fact that there are no limitations of means or target to the soldier wholly committed to the destruction of a particular foe; he must be able to kill not only other soldiers but also his friends and nameless, faceless civilians if circumstances require it.

In one of his stage directions, Hochhuth calls his Churchill "the personification of the war-drive,"

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and that is essentially what is presented, softened by his reluctant recognition that he will lose the world he is trying to save, that history will finally be the winner. That political and sometimes moral considerations create military situations, that those situations develop their own logic, and that their consequences are often in contrast to the original impetus—all these are implied by Hochhuth's Churchill. When the playwright tries to work at a different level of perception, he lapses into the kind of sentimental irony with which our war movies indulged themselves when they showed an SS chief listening to Brahms before an atrocity. There is, for instance, one embarrassingly obvious scene in *Soldiers* in which Churchill mourns the death of a black swan, after looking happily at photographs of bombed Hamburg and just before considering the possibility of Sikorski's death.

When Dorland's son, offended at his play, angrily asks him whether or not Churchill really killed Sikorski, Dorland answers, "If he thought it necessary, yes. If not, no." There is a certain amount of weasel-wording in that answer, for Hochhuth as well as Dorland. What the playwright is able to do—with Churchill as with Pius—is to make accusations and then step away from them, pleading that he is writing not history but the logical consequences of certain ideas and courses of action. In both plays, angry voices, defending and attacking, have worried noisily about historical accuracy. In so far as Hochhuth is genuinely concerned with the ideas and their contemporary implication, he probably does himself a disservice in choosing the figures he deals with, although the *cause célèbre* atmosphere that builds up around his plays obviously increases the size of his potential audience. In a still more basic way, Churchill, as protagonist, is harmful to the ideas in Hochhuth's play. Churchill is still so much a part of our lives that we know his mannerisms, his speech habits, his eccentricities too well. Watching John Colicos imitate him—and, however skillful, it is an imitation rather than a performance—we start to pick out the bits that seem to work best—this intonation, that hand gesture, the famous huddled stance. The play itself gets lost in the game of Find the P.M.

This reductive reaction does not take place with the other characters because, although they are based on real people, their personalities are not known to a wide public. They become types, and, as such, two of them are particularly interesting. Cherwell is presented as an icily exact man, the technician as war-maker, the civilian militarist; the scene in which he explains the most efficacious way of destroying a city is one of the most effectively unpleasant in the play. There is a moment at the end of Act II when a sentimental underside of Cherwell is suggested, but it has little to do with the man that we see through most of the play.

George Bell, the Bishop of Chichester, is a more difficult case. In his scene with Churchill, he comes off as both frightening and silly, although I doubt if that is what Hochhuth intended. He pleads eloquently against the bombing of nonmilitary targets, but his sorting out of who is and who is not killable in a war becomes hair-splitting, as Churchill's secretary argues that it is. Yet, at the end of the play, using material that was originally in the Prologue, Dorland makes Chichester's point again, defining a soldier as one who kills other soldiers and calling his son, a planning assistant in the RAF, "A professional criminal. Potentially."

At times *Soldiers* appears to be a genuinely pacifist play, at times a call for nice, cleanly run little wars, at others—and at its best—an examination of the consequences of wielding political and military power. Where it fails as a play is that there is never an intimate connection between character and idea. The characters, however real their originals, become vehicles; and their ideas, whatever passion the actors try to bring to their expression, have at best an intellectual vitality. Even in its shortened form, the play becomes dull because the characters, each saddled with his inflexible point of view, can only repeat themselves, and the repetition cannot be salvaged by pain, as it might if the characters were to succeed as feeling, thinking men.

Pizza

My brother-in-law believes he'll save the world with pizza—
in the hot kitchen of his immaculate creed,
stands dough-handed, a white-capped, aproned priest
slipping the heaped-up wafers into machines—
and has good help, a group that dedicates
its working hours to cleanliness and health.

A fleet of Chevies takes the product out
to sinking hungers waiting to be saved—
with such a fervent service, who can doubt
the human condition soon will be improved?
A party larger than was counted on?—
the rare refreshments multiply like loaves.

He's martyred to his cause—a little business
obscurely preached with charm and honest cheese,
tomatoes, sausage—fish for those who wish
symbolic tang instead of clarities—
though some might scoff, I wouldn't be too sure
there aren't worse prides than his, less pure beliefs.

—Harold Witt

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BOOKS

Primer on Primates

SAREL EIMERL

THE APES, by Vernon Reynolds. *Dutton. $10.*

During the past few years, so much information has been collected about the behavior of apes and monkeys in the wild that university departments of anthropology can teach a special course in the subject. Normally such progress would be of trifling concern outside the academy. But primates constitute a special case. Animals have long provoked popular interest and, for obvious reasons, monkeys and apes are peculiarly intriguing. It could therefore have been expected that several editors and students of primate behavior would try to reach beyond the classroom and towards the public's pocketbook.

I say this in no spirit of criticism. I have had a lot of fun reading about primates, and I think it would be an excellent thing if the discoveries of the field students could be communicated, in all their excitement, to a large public. The task, however, is difficult. It calls for a combination of knowledge and accuracy and the ability to sustain the interest of readers who have no particular concern with the subject. This combination is beyond the powers of most scholars. For scholars are people with scholarly minds, and they tend to become engrossed in detail. They also tend to develop an attitude of mind that renders them unable to write for anyone except their colleagues—a tendency, I imagine, particularly powerful in the scientific disciplines. Moreover, unless they are exceptionally gifted, scholars do not understand the techniques needed to hold the interest of a large audience. Indeed, my experience has been that most scholars are unable to comprehend that such techniques exist. Like vast numbers of other citizens, they are firmly convinced that all a man need do to write a good book is to put down the facts and keep the grammar accurate.

Professional writers know better, if only because most of them have been forced to spend several years learning how to sustain interest. But it is the scholars who have the material. Editors like to have a scholar's name and authority on books dealing with scholarly subjects. Scholars want the money. The result has been that it is the scholars who get to write the books, and very often the magazine articles also. In the case of the primates, I am sorry to say, they have consistently failed to live up to the potential of the material, and now Dr. Reynolds, who is a zoologist and has spent a considerable amount of time studying chimpanzees in the wild, has stoutly upheld the tradition.

The main problem, to state the case bluntly, is that he is not a very good writer. In typical scholarly style, he has put too much matter into his book. There are two long chapters, on the anatomy and physiology of apes and on their evolution, which might well satisfy his colleagues but which are certain to bore anyone not professionally concerned. When he gets to the social behavior of apes the book improves, but it remains tedious because he simply does not possess the gift which, if one were referring to a novel, would be described as the ability to tell a story. The sentences follow each other like guardsmen, steady and firm, and grammatically correct, and easy to comprehend, and . . . dreary. Beyond this, Dr. Reynolds displays an excess of conventionality. He has a section on ancient myths and stories about apes, thereby copying, if I recall correctly, the pattern laid down by Thomas Huxley in *Man's Place in Nature* (1863). Reynolds also ends his book with a plea for conservation which, to any regular reader of books about animals, has come to sound as familiar as the chords that presage the end of a Beethoven sonata.

Finally, Reynolds slips into the trap that threatens all amateurs who write about animals—of anthropomorphizing them in the peculiarly vulgar way that was vividly displayed in the book and movie *Born Free*. They were revolting, to people who really care about and respect animals, because Elsa was treated not as a lioness but as a child substitute. Many young apes, especially chimpanzees, have suffered a similar fate. There is nothing wrong with Reynolds's describing some of their experiences. My objection, and it is a strong one, can be summed up by his practice of referring to the pets' "potty." That, I believe, is quite enough to show that he is appealing to appetites and attitudes which should be discouraged.

In short, Reynolds stumbles over two stools. He spoils some of his material by being too scholarly; and he spoils the rest of it by trying too hard to be appealing and, in consequence, degrading his subject. However, I should add that I do not believe it is possible to write an accurate book on apes that will interest a large audience; at least not yet, because not enough is known about their social behavior. From an evolutionary viewpoint, they stand much closer to human beings than monkeys do. They have bigger brains and therefore higher I.Q.s. They look much more human. So editors, having grasped these points, have naturally concentrated on apes. I do not know of a single book that has been published about monkeys, even by a university press, and I cannot recall seeing any articles about monkeys in any magazine more popular than *Scientific American*.

ACTUALLY, it is the monkey material that is of most interest. But the comparatively simple social patterns of some apes—notably the gorilla and the gibbon—and the great difficulty of learning much about the social behavior of chimpanzees, which live in deep forests, have combined to impose severe limits on what one can say about them

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that might interest a large audience.

True, we also know very little about the social life of those monkeys which stay in the trees. But there are some species, notably the baboon in Africa and the macaque in Asia, that spend most of their daylight hours on the ground. They have developed elaborate social patterns, to help protect themselves against predators. As our own ancestors probably behaved in much the same way when they first came down from the trees, it seems fair to assume that baboon and macaque social life can serve as a commentary on the social behavior of the early hominids. In fact, the monkeys' behavior constitutes a grotesque parody on contemporary human social life. Young baboons learn how to get along with other young baboons very much as children do at school. The battles for dominance between the full-grown males resemble the battles for dominance between human males—with all kinds of curious subtleties attached. Naturally, the most dominant baboons get the first choice of food and sleeping places. And females also? One would think so. Or would one? For some female baboons are frightened of being hurt by the very dominant and necessarily aggressive males, and they prefer mates slightly less aggressive and slightly less dominant—which has its echo in human affairs, does it not?

Or consider space. When a very dominant baboon is in a bad mood, his inferiors give him a wide berth, much more space than the weaker males can command. Only his equals or superiors dare intrude on it—just as only equals or superiors would dare enter the large office of a senior executive. The system of threats by which dominant baboons or macaques preserve the peace in their group anticipates the police power of human societies. The system of rule by a group of baboon or macaque males, which requires even its members to defend it against challenge from a rising young male, anticipates the human establishment. A study of one group of macaques has even suggested that the offspring of dominant males and their favorite females have a much better chance of succeeding to dominant positions than the offspring of weaker animals; which suggests reflections about the ancestry of kinship arrangements and the antiquity of the aristocratic principle.

It would be easy to go on counting the ways in which the ground-living monkeys outrank any species of ape in terms of material that might be expected to hold the interest of a large audience. That material is all sitting around in the scholarly journals, begging to be put together by some competent professional writer. Meanwhile, the editors keep assigning scholars to write about apes. What a curious place the world is, and how oddly it is managed.

The Man Who Became a Writer

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

Thomas Wolfe, by Andrew Turnbull. *Scribners. $7.95.*

There was no point, I decided, in trying to review a biography of so "autobiographical" a writer as Thomas Wolfe until I had come to some terms with Thomas Wolfe's fiction. Although I stopped after the four novels, that still meant reading (in part rereading) 3,076 pages, perhaps a million words. I had never read all the novels straight through before, and I was not at all sure

what I thought of those I *had* read. I was suspicious of my own enthusiasms at nineteen, of the continued enthusiasm of certain aging adolescents of my acquaintance, of Wolfe's reputation as the Romantic Young Man's novelist, of the egotism that seemed to lie behind those million words. Some weeks later, I made my first assessment:

Look Homeward, Angel, the first of Thomas Wolfe's books, is far and away the best. I am tempted to say it is the *only* good one, so different from the other three is it in nature and quality. It is a small, sure classic of remembered childhood. Though ultimately less objective and more sentimental, it merits comparison with *Sons and Lovers* and *Long Day's Journey into Night.* The determined, smothering cruelty of parents, the unspeakable sufferings and unspeakable meanness of the small, the claustrophobia, the tension, the open warfare of Home, Sweet Home; the caged-bird longings, the hot tears, the wincings, the bounds in the air: we have all been there.

The opening chapters of *The Web and the Rock,* Wolfe's second return to childhood, are almost of this level. Though they lack the naked honesty of the first, though they are clearly more contrived and less immediate, they too are poignant and compelling. For the rest—despite good scenes here, good pages there—nothing again is quite so strong. Why is this?

My theory is that only in his Asheville years—the years when he was longing and suffering *unconscious* of any intention to write about it—did Wolfe have a fund of pure experience susceptible of direct and communicable re-creation. Once he fancied himself a writer, his experience lost its exchange value. The Asheville years, experienced in rich, confused, passionate "unconsciousness," were golden material; once it had been exhausted, Wolfe had nothing else really worth writing about.

"He had written out his chief compulsion in *Look Homeward, Angel,*" wrote his agent, Elizabeth Nowell, in her biography of Wolfe published eight years ago, and I agree; just as I agree with Andrew Turnbull's sanely argued hypothesis that had Wolfe lived past thirty-seven, he would not have improved. If anything, I think, he would have repeated and repeated himself, grow-

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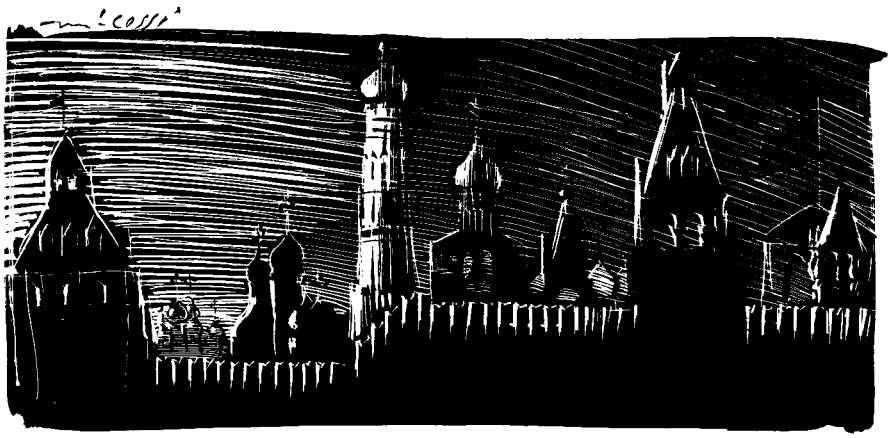
ing each time more shrill and more shallow.

THE SUCCESS of *Look Homeward, Angel* released (and further inflated) in Wolfe an egotism of immense and irreducible proportions. Where such egotism comes from, I don't know: it may be related to sexual potency. But take this overinflated ego, this mirror-walled conviction that I Matter Utterly, combine it with an indiscriminate, mock-Elizabethan, drunken lust for words, and you get—as you do, say, in Henry Miller—Wolfe's intense, religious assumption of a "writer's" vocation.

The adolescent temperament that made the story of Wolfe's adolescence so vivid simply could not cope



usefully with adult events: with lovers and fame and social classes and foreign cultures and the American character. Such a temperament (passionate, bewildered, hypersensitive, self-obsessed, tossing about the Great Thoughts) makes objective separation of author from hero impossible. It leads to the romantic inflation of every gesture or experience into epic, even cosmic importance. It impels Wolfe to voluptuary daydreams, gross lampoons, and fantasies of revenge. He comes to see himself as a Noble Savage, gigantic and all-worthy, and the world about him as a race of vile, tiny vermin. *Of Time and the River,* and much of the two posthumous novels, are envenomed with a neurotic vision of "all the vile and uncountable small maggottry of the earth, the cautious little hatreds of a million nameless ciphers, each puny, pallid, trivial in himself, but formidable because he added his tiny beetle's ball of dung to the mountainous accumulation of ten million others of his breed."

There is more than this to the latter novels, but it is in this temperament that it all begins. I did feel the intensity of the German sequences that conclude the last two, and the pathos of Wolfe's loneliness and nostalgia. The structural imbalance and lack of editing are failings one anticipates; they are part of the man's nature. I "speed-read," I must confess, most of the poetic or philosophical pages:

"As the great stars of America blaze over them, the vast and lonely earth broods round them, then as now, with its secret and mysterious presences, and then as now the million-notes ululation of the night throngs up from silence the song of all its savage, dark and measureless fecundity . . ." These are words chosen not to mean but to "express," and the self they are expressing is not one we all benefit from knowing. The very refusal to select (never a noun without an adjective, never one adjective where six will do) is an attribute of the Wolfean ego, of which no precious oozing must be lost. At last, I think, he was choked, imprisoned, hallucinated by his own cage of words, which became more real than the objects, the passions, the people, or even the self they pretended to represent.

ELIZABETH NOWELL'S biography of 1960 did little to enhance my image of Wolfe. To the semi-fictional evidence of logorrhea and megalomania, drawn from three out of four of Wolfe's novels, her book added a weight of semi-factual evidence of moral and mental disorder that only confirmed my attitude of disfavor. I say *semi*-factual because her book, though informative (especially on the latter years, the years of her own association with Wolfe), is not a real biography. It is rather in great part a collation of extended quotations, drawn primarily from Wolfe's own writing, a scrapbook of more or less relevant descriptions of his heroes' thoughts in situations more or less like his own.

This scrapbook-method has several effects. It gives to the Nowell "biography" a flat, soft, secondhand quality. It allows her to avoid the task of distinguishing between the novels and the life. It adds little, often, to one's experience of the novels, except to recall their worst features, since the method involves giving over great yards of space to the incongruous unrealism of Wolfe's own prose—the uncritical mystic self-inflation it is surely a biographer's duty to cut through.

Most seriously, it makes Wolfe seem a nasty fool. As the unedited, unqualified quotations mounted up, as the evidence from letters and notebooks was piled on that of the novels, I found myself turning more and more against the man. The climax was reached in his seventeen-page severance letter to Maxwell Perkins, ostensibly justifying his break with Scribners, which Miss Nowell quotes entire. This ugly letter gives biographical solidity to the self-portrait of the novels. It is composed of fantastic self-heroics; of a necessary manufactured specter of surrounding enmity; of the confused emotionalism of an angry child; and of a word-drunkenness in the service of all these, a debased form of language that itself, in great part, creates the sick fantasy world in which Wolfe has imprisoned himself.

In sum, I saw in Elizabeth's Nowell's artless portrait a personal moral ugliness, a neuroticism and malice that did not seem justified by the merit of his works.

Andrew Turnbull's new book has changed all that. It could not change my judgment of the novels. But it could and did deepen my understanding of and extend my sympathy for the novelist.

Turnbull has, simply, brought

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Thomas Wolfe to life. By an ingenious use of others' memories and reminiscences, woven together with a discreet selection of the *honest* materials from Wolfe's own store, he has written a kind of objective "novel," with himself as the creative, all but omniscient narrator. He allows us not only to see and hear Thomas Wolfe, talking, teaching, eating, walking, gesturing, sleeping; but even, gradually, to move inside him, to feel the inner pressures and compulsions, to share the activity of his creative mind at work, until at length the rhetoric, the outbursts, even the malice and mania come to seem natural.

He does, moreover, judge, qualify, and explain; if not with profundity —Wolfe still cries for intelligent psychological analysis—at least with impeccable tact and sympathetic insight. He sees the man's poses and defenses for what they are, and to each instance of absurd behavior appends an explanation, usually fair and persuasive; his generous sanity undercuts one's sputtering resistance. The long letter to Perkins, for example, which so offended me in Miss Nowell's account, is here reduced to two pages of fair and judicious summary and quotation. Its rhetoric is rightly defined as "a vein of drink-exacerbated self-pity reminiscent of old Gant." And in going on to speak of Perkins's reply, Turnbull acknowledges "the magnanimity of one who knows he is dealing with a demonic type. For Perkins comprehended, better than anyone ever had or would, the pathos of this great lonely misfit paradoxically crossed with Everyman, whose intensities became self-lacerating when deflected from his work."

MAXWELL PERKINS, I think, is the key to Turnbull's remarkable achievement. He has done many things well here. In addition to bringing Wolfe to life and judging him wisely, he has treated intelligently the major questions of Wolfe criticism (the "autobiographical" question, the Asheville reception, the matter of revenge-fictions, Wolfe's anti-Semitism and Germanophilia, Perkins's "co-authorship" of his novels). He has folded in balanced and lively portraits of George Pierce Baker and Aline Bernstein, of Ernest Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald (Perkins's other two "children"), as he did of Edmund Wilson, Irving Thalberg, Monsignor Fay, and others in his biography of Fitzgerald. But his "portrait" of Maxwell Perkins is something larger than these. At first I wondered at its extent, its intensity of detail. Then I came to see that Perkins was not only the co-hero but also in a way the co-author of this book. Turnbull is seeing Wolfe through his eyes, writing out of a temperament and perspective wonderfully like Perkins's. He shares Perkins's strictures on the works; but, like Perkins, he tries to point out, to analyze, reasonably to state wherein Wolfe was unique and had something valuable to offer. It was a respect for Perkins's judgment and decency, I am convinced, that led Turnbull to attempt this magnanimous assessment and then to try to persuade us to attempt it too.

Having been thus chastened and led to a larger sympathy, I would like to return into my anti-Wolfe self just long enough to make a small final gesture of defiance. I grant, unhappily, that liking or not liking Wolfe's work may be ultimately a matter of temperament, inbred and inescapable: some like it hot; that for one to say "he does nothing for me" will mean nothing to the man for whom he does do something. But surely it is not wrong, considering what words have done, can do, and are doing, to favor the word exactly used, the thought correctly built, the sensation truly evoked, over their alternatives? Considering where inspired self-assurance has brought us, should not one prefer humility, or at least egotism tempered by humility, and see something more useful, finally more admirable, in the reticence, generosity, and sympathy of a Maxwell Perkins (or an Andrew Turnbull) than in the miserable, hallucinated, prison house of the egotism that was the object of their sympathy?

Updike's Tarbox

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

COUPLES, by John Updike. *Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95.*

Set in what one adulteress calls the "post-pill paradise," John Updike's fifth novel may convince many readers that they're missing a lot of fun. *Couples* portrays the social life of ten exurban couples graduated from status seeking to sex. The more sexually athletic members of this clique slip into strange beds as casually as dancers changing partners in a Paul Jones. The dialogue is avant-garde vulgar; the characters say things in public that, as Flanders and Swann put it, you would blush to say in private. Updike's clinical descriptions of the marvelously varied bedroom scenes start where Molly Bloom's soliloquy ends.

Adultery, however, may be a less durable religion than Christianity, according to Updike. A pair of divorces, precipitated by a new couple that rejects the veteran couples' genial acceptance of the promiscuous proceedings, create shock waves that ultimately spoil the fun. Protagonist Piet Hanema, a death-haunted builder who practices the new religion too sedulously (sleeping with four adulteresses in less than a year), winds up a scapegoat expelled from the society of Tarbox. Even the couples' high priest, dentist Freddy Thorne, preaching the gospel according to Grove Press, can't save the old social life. Still, as Updike tells us in an incongruously Victorian epilogue, all turns out reasonably well. Piet marries Foxy Whitman, his partner in his grand affair, and resettles in Lexington, where one can't help fearing he may again get a little action going. And the remaining Tarbox couples survive as a tamer, wiser community.

UPDIKE'S formidable literary talent seems wasted on this trivial theme. It's hard to care about the fate of these banal people who throw a fatuous party on the night of President Kennedy's assassination. Yet the hope persists that Updike will someday produce a masterpiece, as

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expressed in Granville Hicks's conclusion that *Couples* "isn't the major novel many of us have been hoping for."

Unfortunately, the price of Updike's talent is to have his achievements constantly measured against his potential. Lesser talents can be simply accepted; no one asks any more of Henry Miller than his role as spokesman for the submerged self, forever glorifying the protest of the belly against the claims of the soul. But Updike's tremendous gifts—his technical virtuosity, his sharp insights, his brilliant imagery, and his literary grace—seem to require greater challenges than the self-centered, middle-class world in which he seems so comfortable.

Moreover, the purple prose that is Updike's natural medium is hazardous stuff; a little too much is much too much. There is a fatal flow in passages like ". . . her bosom, sprinkled with sweat, was held forward in a stiff scarlet carapace like soft sugared buns being offered warm in the metal vessel of their baking." When reading Updike, instead of feeling transported the way one feels involved in Raskolnikov's predicament in *Crime and Punishment*, I often feel conscious of watching a literary artist perform. Orwell once compared good prose to a clear windowpane. Updike's prose sometimes resembles stained glass in a cathedral; the medium threatens to become the message.

Sheer literary talent is not enough to make a great writer. A great writer must feel deeply enough about great issues to subdue his talent and to attempt heroic feats. So long as Updike's imagination remains chained to those who fiddle while America burns, as a writer he will remain a supertalented square.

All of an Afternoon

The African Dik-Dik said to the Puffin,
"You look like a muffin,"
And started to lick the Blueberry Puffin.
The Hoopoe said, "Don't, please," and cried.
The Loon laughed his weird tune,
The Wombat went into Combat,
And the yellow-bellied Sapsucker said
Nothing, only sat in the shade sucking Sap.
The Moa be-Moaned the Fact
It looked like an Ostrich and couldn't fly,
And a Jerboa jumped out of a snake.
The Zebu said, "I'm not a ZEBRA,
I'm not a misspelling, only an Ox
With a hump on my withers and this dewlap,
I'm only a misspelled Ice Cream Box."
The Quagga said, "You should be glad
You're not an Ass as well as a Zebra.
I'm now Extinct, and what's more always have been."
The Ibex said he was an Old Goat,
And the Quetzal said Mayan chiefs plucked his Plumes,
He'd rather be twisted up like a Pretzel.
Gecko and Gemsbok sang a duet:
"What if You started with G?"
(They all thought it queer
The lizard sang with the deer.)
"I'm happy I start with J,"
Affirmed the Giraffe.
The Secretary Bird threw up her Quills
And screamed: *"What if you looked like ME,*
With such long legs, and had to eat snakes
And were born with Pens on your ears?"
And some odd-looking Thing replied in a low voice,
"You needn't take umbrage."
She screamed once more,
"I took nothing of yours," and cried.
And then they all cried and danced in a ring.

—JAMES COLE

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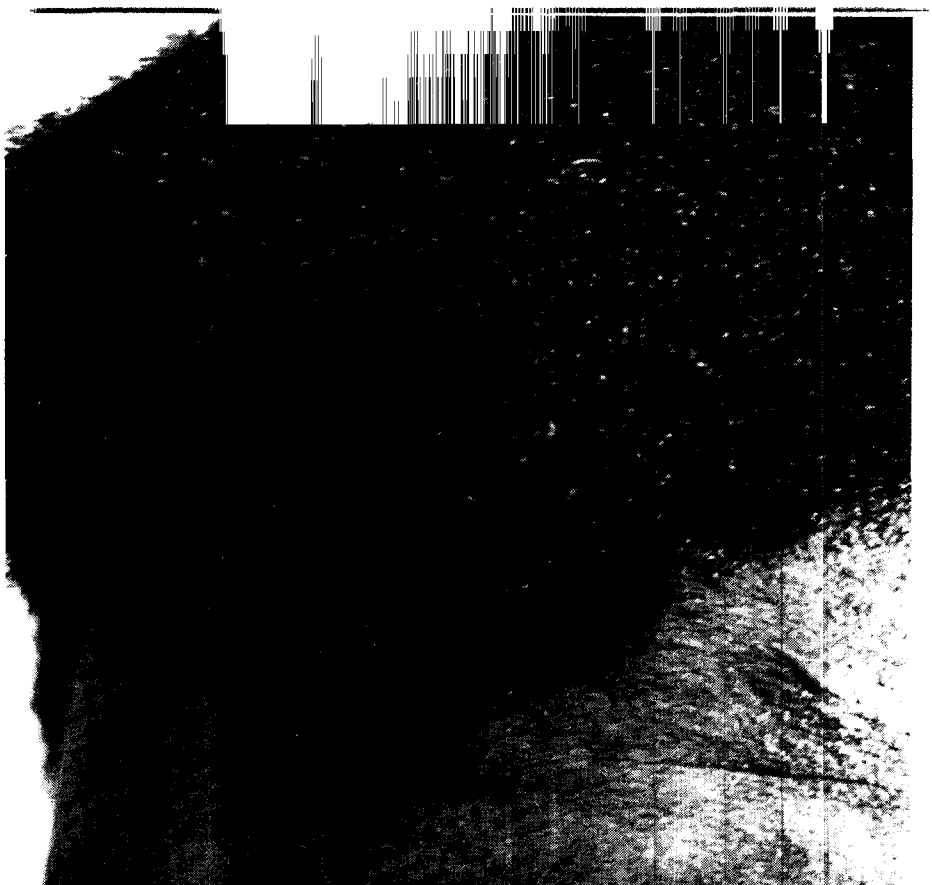

No job? No skill? No longer true for Jim Arrington.

Some young people like Jim Arrington have had it tough in the northern New Jersey industrial area. But Jim now has a real future in his job at Western Electric.

He gained new skills in a training program called SEED, which stands for Skills Escalation and Employment Development. It also means a better job for Jim and hundreds like him. SEED is sponsored by Newark's Business and Industrial Coordinating Council, of which Western Electric is a member. It works with both state and Federal agencies.

Western Electric makes communications equipment for the Bell System. Our part of SEED's program has been to train machine operators in metalworking skills. Western Electric people help with many programs like SEED throughout the country.

We do it because we know there's more to life than making telephone equipment. There's still a long way to go. But with programs like SEED we're confident we'll get there.

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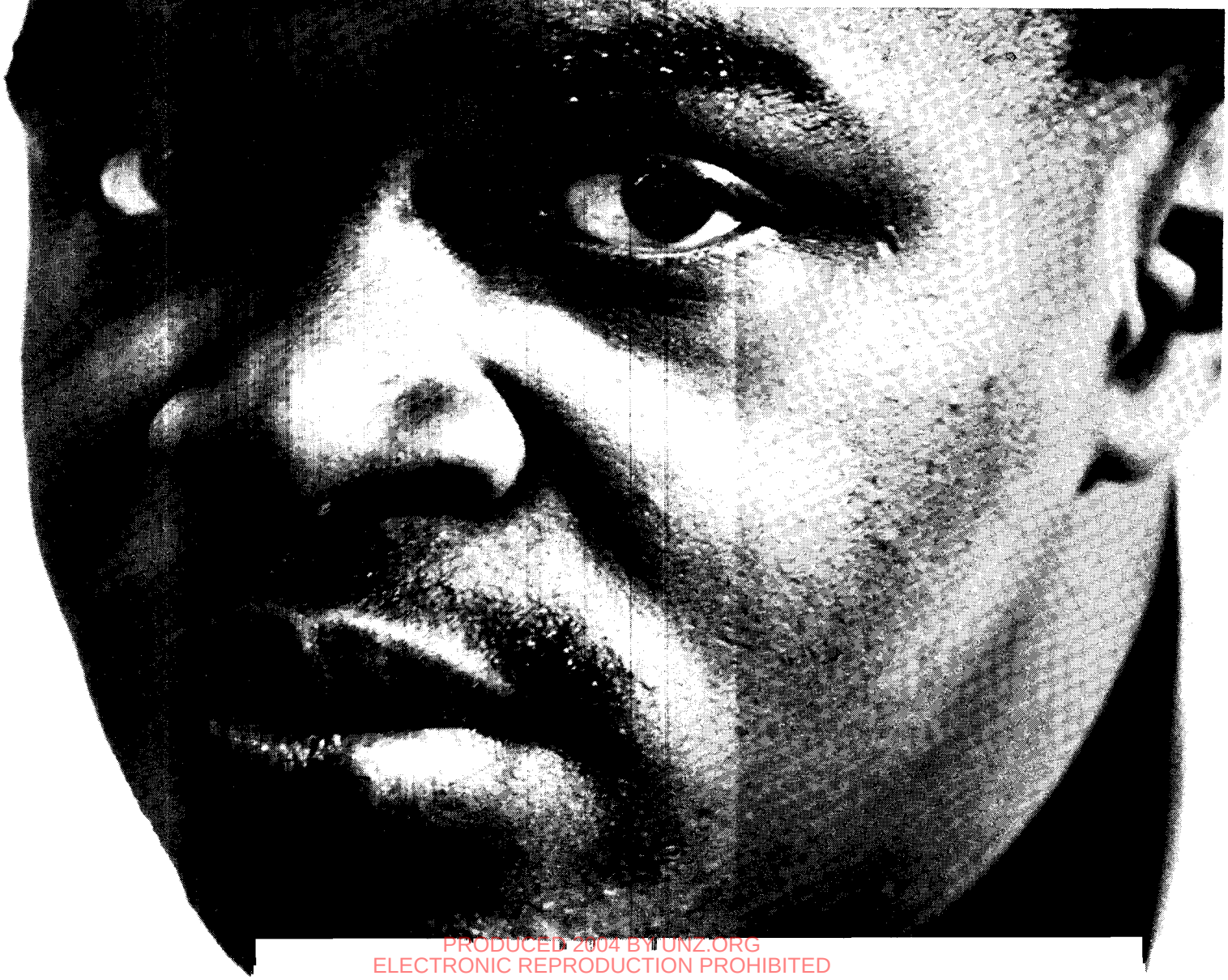

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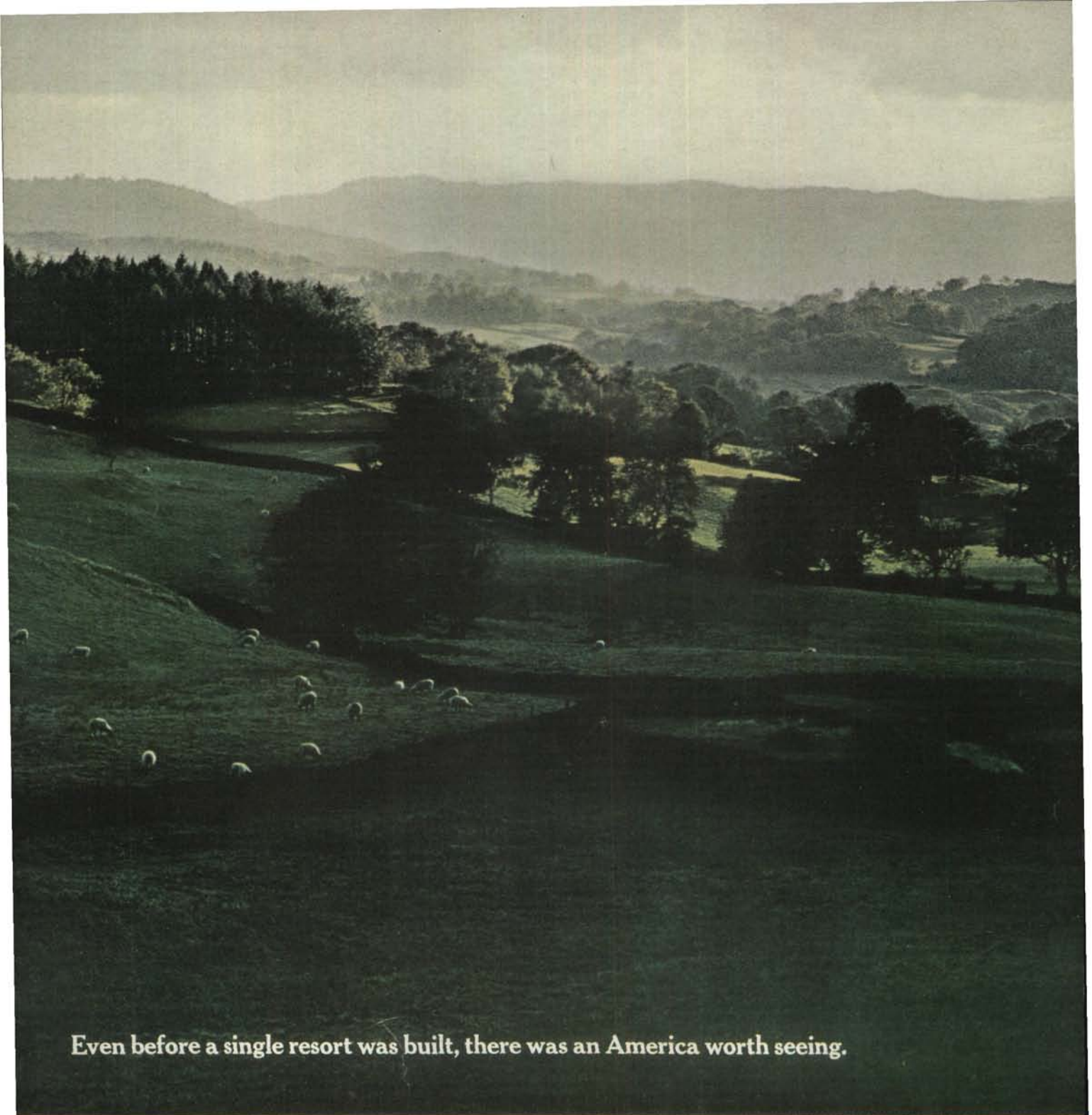

Even before a single resort was built, there was an America worth seeing.

Before there were dude ranches and skyscrapers and Olympic-size swimming pools, there were mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes and forests and prairies.

Before there was a New York, there was the Hudson.

Before there was a Miami, there was the Everglades.

Before there was a Denver, there were the Rockies.

Before there was a San Francisco, there was Big Sur.

Even before anything was built on it, there was an America. And it's still there.

Despite all the square miles of steel and concrete, much of the country looks just as it did when the first explorers first set eyes on it.

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